

#2

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Radio Stars

NOVEMBER



CONTENTS

1934



MURIEL WILSON
AND
LANNY ROSS

WANTED! BABIES!

Inquire page 22

"You can't buy love"

SAY PARISIENNES



But you can buy
and be..

Irresistible

LIKE a Parisienne, you can set hearts on fire if you use the lure French women never neglect... an exciting, seductive perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. This mysteriously exotic fragrance stirs senses...thrills...awakens love. It makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, utterly irresistible.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids...each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure melts into your lips leaving no trace of paste or film... just soft, warm, ripe, red, indelible color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it absolutely hides small blemishes and gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are guaranteed to be of purest, finest quality...like \$1 or \$2 preparations. Be irresistible tonight...buy IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS today...full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



Irresistible Beauty Aids
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

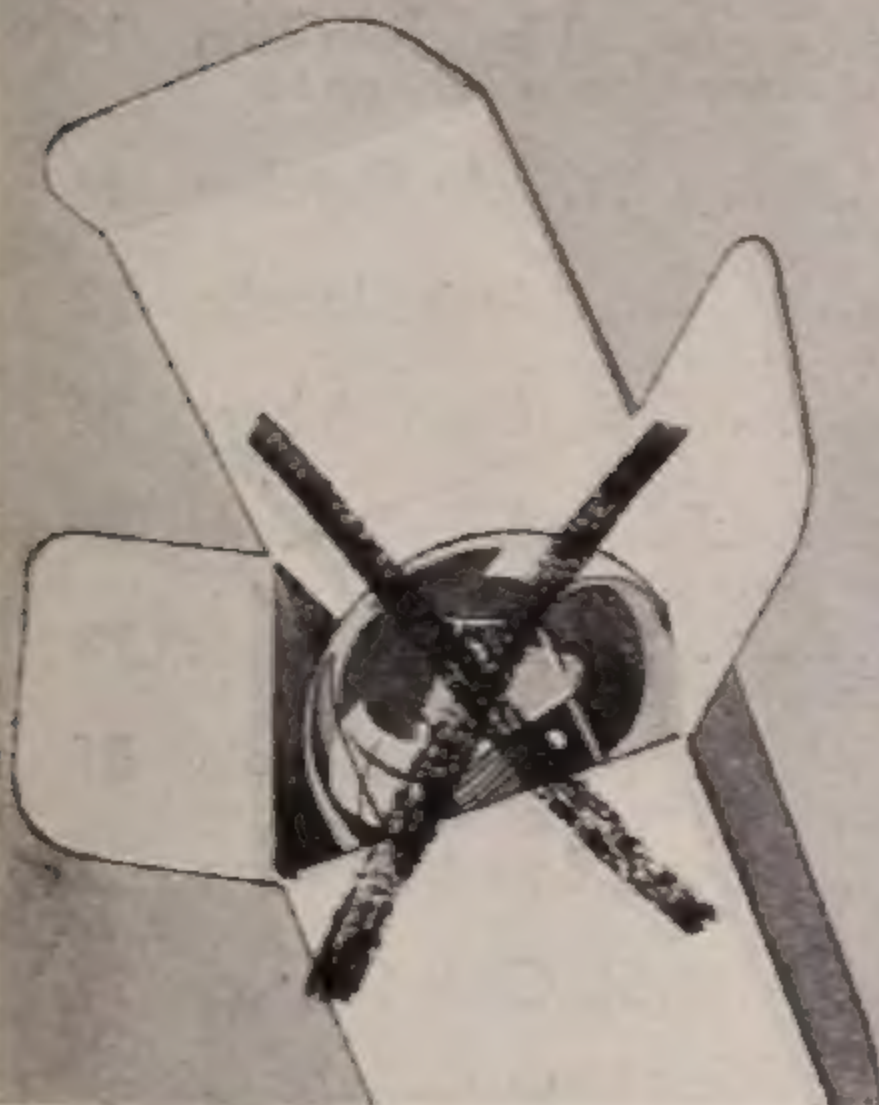
The new SEALED CARTON

to protect you against buying old radio tubes disguised as new



BE CAREFUL

Hundreds of thousands of used radio tubes are being sold as new by "gyp" dealers—slipped into new open-flap cartons—so you can't tell the difference.



BE SAFE

Charles Winninger as
CAPTAIN HENRY

The new RCA Sealed Carton guards every tube from factory to your set. Proof that every tube is *really* new!

Insures your getting genuine RCA Micro-Sensitive Radio Tubes



Look for this Sign in your neighborhood. It identifies a dealer selected by RCA to serve your radio tube needs.



TUNE IN
Radio City Studio
Party Sat., 9 to 9:30
P.M., E. S. T., N. B. C.
Blue network. Big stars
of radio. Fun... music
... quick flashes from
John B. Kennedy.

RCA has smashed "gyp" sales of hundreds of thousands of second-hand radio tubes repolished and sold as new. The new RCA NON-REFILLABLE CARTON assures you of getting a new, factory-fresh tube... not just an old tube slipped into a new-looking open-flap carton. This sealed carton is your only reliable guarantee that a radio tube is new—for even an expert radio engineer can't tell a new tube from a used tube by looking at it.

To get the finest reception be sure you get these remarkable new

Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes. For true-to-life reception, a radio tube must be sensitive enough to pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. Only in RCA Radio Tubes will you find such "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Guaranteed by the RCA Radiotron Company to give you these five big improvements. 1. QUICKER START. 2. QUIETER OPERATION. 3. UNIFORM VOLUME. 4. UNIFORM PERFORMANCE. 5. SEALED CARTON PROTECTION.



Lunningham Radiotron



Are you a SHADOW-HUNTER?

■ Have you a skin that matches the beauty of today's fashions—or must you be a "shadow-hunter," seeking concealment in the soft lights and shadows?

Try Campana's Italian Balm for a youthful-looking skin. This *Original Skin Softener* is both a corrective and protective treatment for dry, rough, red or chapped skin. It has been the largest selling skin protector in all of Canada for over 10 years—and is today the largest seller in thousands of cities in the United States. At drug and department stores—10c, 35c, 60c and \$1.00 in bottles—25c in tubes. Generous Vanity Gift Bottle on request.



Campana's
Italian Balm
THE ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

Free CAMPANA SALES CO.,
3911 Lincoln Hwy., Batavia, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY
SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and
postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana
Corp., Ltd., MM-11 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE, ART EDITOR

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Loveliness is no longer Expensive!



FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢
equal \$1 to \$3 Brands in Quality

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

PURITY and QUALITY...these are the two essentials in beauty aids. Your skin loveliness depends on them. That is why you should use nothing but the very finest. And now... science has produced in Faoen Beauty Aids superlative purity and quality...at a fraction of the price women used to pay for de luxe beauty aids. Read the report of a famous research laboratory:

"...after a complete chemical analysis, we have found that

every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2, and \$3."

Smart women... stage and screen stars... debutantes and business women... are turning to Faoen, even though they can well afford to pay more than 10¢. You, too, should change to Faoen Beauty Aids today... they are smart... they are superlatively fine... they have made loveliness *inexpensive!*

10¢ each at the better 5¢ and 10¢ stores

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

*"The Sheen
of Youth"*



Nestle
COLORINSE

● Are you known for the glowing beauty of your hair? You can be, if you really want to. It's so simple to always have that "Sheen of Youth"—that youthful glow of natural color that every woman would keep above all else!

You are not using a dye or a bleach—for Colorinse is only harmless vegetable compound, made by Nestle, the creators of permanent waving. There are 10 correct shades to choose from, so that you can add as much or as little color as you desire.

The result will more than delight you. For in place of that faded, dull, aging look, your hair becomes lustreful and sparkling, color toned with a shimmering sheen of youthful, vibrant glamour. Try it after the next shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c

at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops
... Nestle Colorinse, SuperSet,
Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

RADIO'S BIG LITTLE STAR

**HIS SIZE GAVE HIM A
START IN LIFE. AND
HIS INCHES HAVE
BEEN EARNING DOL-
LARS EVER SINCE**



JOHNIE sits on the pinnacle of success. And, as he says, "it's comfortable enough." He sits on telephone books, too.

His ma keeps an extra couple of New York's big ones around so that Johnnie can lean his elbows on the table and be comfortable like the rest of us are at dinner.

"Call for Philip Morris." Recognize it? That's Johnnie. Johnnie Roventini. He gives that persuasive call which comes to you with Leo Reisman's orchestra with vocalizing by Phil Duey and Sally Singer on Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock EST over NBC.

His cheerful, impudent face smiles at you from uncounted thousands of advertisements and displays. He opens hotels; gets keys to cities; leads parades; and attracts mobs at all his personal appearances. And that's pretty good, isn't it, for a young man who is only forty-three inches high?

Johnnie tells a lot of amusing joke about his height. There was the time that he went to a movie between broadcasts. The pretty cashier at the box office took half fare out of his dollar. When Johnnie shoved back the change and demanded "full man's fare, please," the girl was surprised she stuck her head out of the cage to find out if he were kidding. No kidding.

One of his hobbies is collecting baseballs. And he has dozens with famous autographs. But in all these years Johnnie has never been able to fanagle a bat. "They told me wasn't big enough," he laughs.

When the St. Louis team was at the Yankee stadium in New York Philip Morris almost lost their pay boy voice, for the team was seriously considering kidnapping him as mascot.

Many fans wonder how this young fellow got his job. Well, last year when the Philip Morris people were

looking for the ideal page boy for their broadcasts, they canvassed New York's leading hotels asking for the best bellhop in town. The answer was unanimous, "Johnnie at the Hotel New Yorker."

So he became the tiniest page boy in America's radio—and the highest paid. But success hasn't made Johnnie high-hat. He's still aces high with his ex-teammates for he can't forget where their good word landed him—on that pinnacle.

Being tiny—he weighs less than fifty pounds—has been bringing Johnnie luck for the past five years. In fact he got his first job as bellhop because of his size. And his inches have been earning his salary ever since.

Once someone asked him what would happen to his job if that name he pages should suddenly answer. Johnnie said he didn't know what would happen to the job, but the answering name would get a pack of Philip Morris Cigarettes. No danger of that kind of a chap worrying about his job for with Johnnie, you see, his employer comes first. By the way, that same employer is very much attached to this little page. Everyone becomes attached to him. At the studios, he is a great favorite.

But his size is inconvenient on occasions, too. For he must have all his clothes specially made. And that's one big reason he goes collegiate—without a hat. Then each morning he experiences the dread of being stepped on in the crowded subway. He dives for a corner and squeezes into it until the train arrives uptown. If you've ever been to New York, then you realize that nothing can be so precarious as trying to board a subway train in the morning rush hour. But Johnny has to brave the rough crowds, for in spite of stardom he, like any other working man, must report to work around nine or ten for rehearsals. And to get his other jobs lined up for the day. As you probably know, Johnnie is sent all around the country at any odd time. Sometimes he goes by train. Again you might see him traveling in his Austin painted like a Philip Morris cigarette package and with a full-sized chauffeur outfitted to match.

Johnnie in his public appearances wears his jaunty red uniform that marks him as a national celebrity. On cool days you'll see a buff wool cape about the size of a table napkin thrown carelessly across his shoulders.

Today, because the radio public is delighted with his voice, this diminutive youngster has become a big little star on a nationally broadcast program of NBC.

THE RADIO FANS HAVE VOTED!



"RED DAVIS"

**RETURNS TO THE AIR
OCTOBER FIRST**

AND no wonder! For "Red Davis" is the story of a red-blooded American boy. It is a typical story of American family life.

Adventure—romance—heart-aches—growing pains—love—life—humor and action. "Red Davis" is the kind of radio program that everyone can enjoy! It is clean, wholesome entertainment—the kind of adventures that you, yourself, have lived.



When "Red Davis" was first produced last year it met with instant enthusiasm. Now—"Red Davis" is to be back on the air. Thousands of unsolicited letters from young people and their parents have demanded his return!

You'll like "Red"

You'll find the "Red Davis" program more interesting than ever. Red and his girls—Betty—Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Clink, Linda and a host of others—they're all there, in a new series of fascinating adventures. And they're just as human and humorous as ever.

Monday night, October 1st, is the date. Don't forget the night and tune in.

NBC • WJZ NETWORK
Coast-to-Coast
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY
AND FRIDAY NIGHTS

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y., makers of Beech-Nut Gum, Candies, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.

BOTH Mother and Daughter PREFER Maybelline

EYE
BEAUTY
AIDS



as do ten million
other women because
they know they are

The
Approved
Mascara



BLACK,
BROWN AND BLUE



BLACK AND BROWN



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE
BRISTLES



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GRAY,
VIOLET AND GREEN

... absolutely harmless
... most effective
... of highest quality
... the quickest and easiest
way to have the natural
appearance of attractively
beautiful eyes.

From sweet sixteen to queenly fifty, women of all ages the world over have learned that Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are the safe, simple way to lovely eyes—eyes that instantly appear larger, brighter and more expressive. Beauty-wise women appreciate, too, the never-failing high standard of purity and harmlessness guaranteed by the famous name of Maybelline. Try these delightful aids to a new and more beautiful YOU!

Maybelline Eye Shadow
Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
Maybelline Eyelash Tonic
Cream
Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
and the world-famous, approved Maybelline mascara.

All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Try them today!



George Gershwin, the ambassador of good health, on the CBS Feen-a-mint program Thursday evening from nine to nine-thirty EST.

Prince OF THE PIANO

They used to call George Gershwin a prince of the razzle-dazzle. Those were the eat-drink-and-dance days when George was the hottest boy in town. Hot, that is, in the sense of writing out those jumpy-tumpy tunes with that certain something that set toes cutting didoes.

Today, he's graduated from all that. Today, Mr. George Gershwin is Feen-a-mint's ambassador of good health, a Pulitzer prize winner, and the concoctor of much of America's brightest music.

George first began his ambassadoring during the winter of '33-'34. Probably you heard him with his . . . "Good evening, this is George Gershwin speaking." Or the tinkly hubbub of his prancing fingers when he undertook to interpret various of his

well-known triumphs of the past.

Now, when the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shuck, George returns to us with a unique radio show. It is unique because Sir Gershwin is the only Pulitzer prize winner on record who sets himself to the weekly task of turning out a radio broadcast.

These coolish evenings when you hear the delicate fanfare of his piano-playing or the dignified sincerity of his "from me to you" talk, don't get the idea that he is a flat-footed old granddad with a silvery beard clear down to here. As a matter of fact, he's full of the hustle and bustle of the city that whelped him. He's as alive as a Neon sign and much more entertaining.

Musical prodigies are often mama's

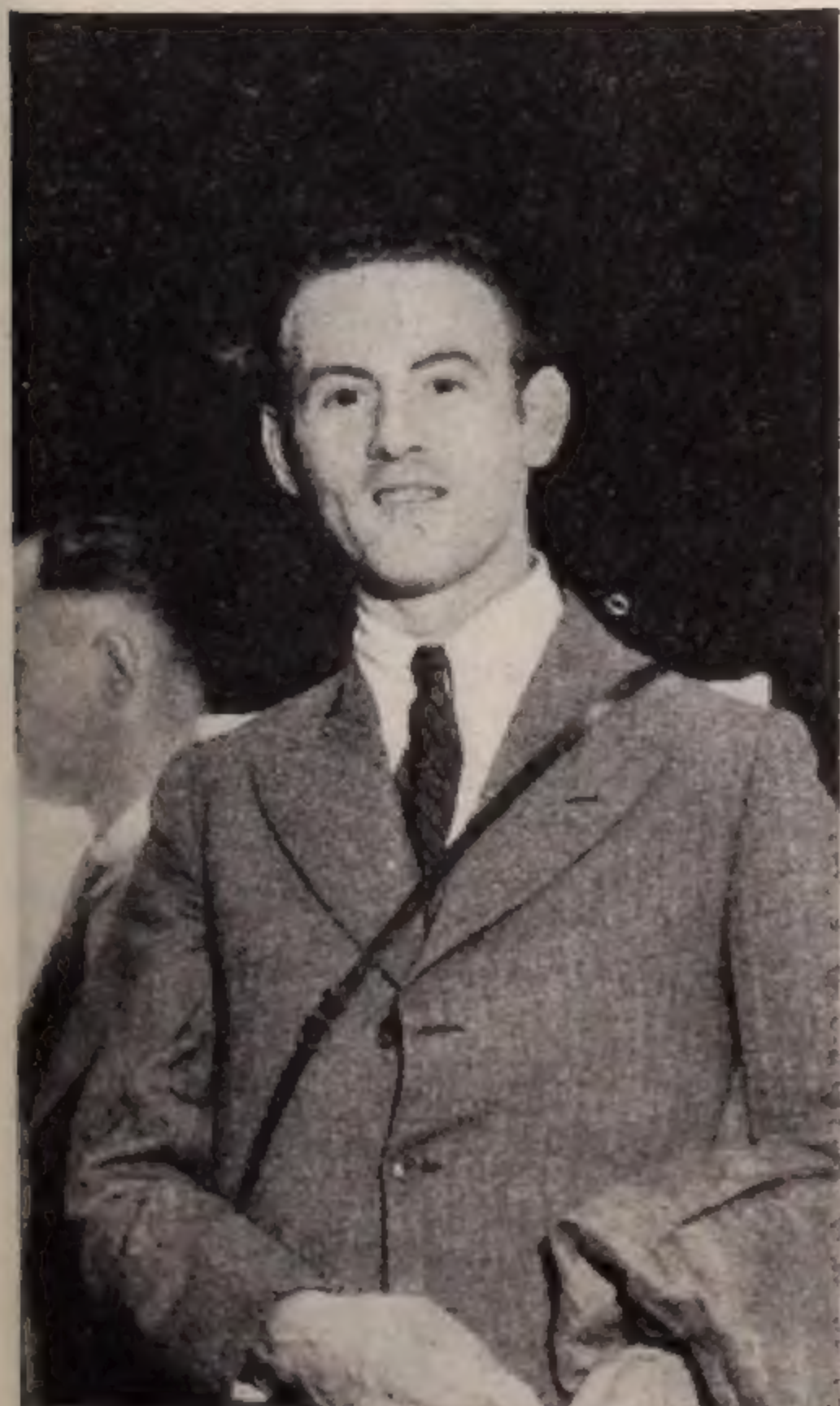
boys grown up. Not our friend Gershwin. George comes from a fighting sector of the city. Kid gangs made you fight whether you liked it or not. And when you took music lessons, you fought twice as often. Maybe that accounts for some of the ruggedness of his compositions. Or for the success that his talent has brought him.

"I Got Rhythm" is one of his big numbers. Remember "Of Thee I Sing, Baby?" And "'S Wonderful."

There's a story about "'S Wonderful." George formerly grabbed his midday snack at an off-the-arm eatery along the street called Tin Pan Alley. One of his favorite expressions at the time was "How's tricks?" The girl in the cashier's cage chewed gum and made change. For six months, Gershwin gave her a cheery "How's tricks, sweetheart?" One day he was stuck for a song title. Paying his check, he tossed her the usual sign-off. She gave him her six-months'-old answer:

"'S Wonderful."

He wrote the song that afternoon. It went into a show in production. Inside a month, most of America was singing and whistling and stamping for its rhythm. It lifted George Gershwin up another rung on the ladder of success. The girl is still chewing gum and making change. And she still says, "'S Wonderful."



Danny Malone rode to stardom in England, then brought his tenor voice to America and NBC. He's twenty-three years old and happily married—a newly-wed.

ARE YOU ONE OF THE UNLUCKY 13?



**13 OUT OF 20
WOMEN
USE THE WRONG
SHADE OF
FACE POWDER
AND
AS A RESULT,
LOOK YEARS
OLDER THAN
THEY REALLY
ARE!**

Think of the many times a day you powder your face. And all the time you may be only succeeding in making yourself look years older than you really are!

It's an actual fact, as you can readily demonstrate, that the wrong shade of face powder can add years to your looks. Just as the wrong color hat or dress can make you look dowdy and years older than your age, so can the wrong shade of face powder make you look worn and faded, and, apparently, years older.

It's a shame, the women who are innocent victims of the wrong choice of face powder shades! Otherwise pretty, young and fresh-looking, they actually, if unknowingly, make themselves look years older than is their age.

Are You Being Fooled?

Is the shade of face powder you are using making you look your youngest and freshest or is it making you look years older than you really are? It all depends on how you choose your shade. It's a "snare and delusion" to choose a face powder shade simply on the basis of type.

A brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a very dark one. Moreover, to try to match any tone of skin is practically impossible, for there are endless variations of white, ivory and olive skin.

A face powder shade should be chosen, *not* to match any particular type, but to *flatter* one. What would be the most flattering to one shade of brunette skin might be utterly devastating to another. Therefore, the thing to do, regardless of your coloring, is to try *all* the five fundamental shades which color experts agree meet the demands of all skins.

Your Shade Is One of These Five

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to you! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point

By *Lady Esther*

and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours—Ends Shiny Nose

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note too how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write Today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther (S)
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

Ashamed of your looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?



STOP CONSTIPATION THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves

and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and check your constipation this simple, drugless way!



YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MM-11
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA



UNCLE ANSWER MAN ANSWERS

HELP! Your Unkie's being haunted.

Some enterprising lassie wrote in and said if I didn't answer her question she was going to HAUNT me. She wrote it in big wiggly letters, too. And Uncle Answer Man just *couldn't* answer the question on account of there were other questions that were asked more times, which after all, do deserve the breaks.

Gracious! If everyone sent ghosts just because Uncle wouldn't tell them how to get auditions, or how to sell radio scripts, or ask for personal replies to their questions, he wouldn't have any place to keep them. His office is cluttered up enough as it is.

So if you have any ghosts you're sic-ing on people, send them to the Picture editor. He's already practically insane from trying to explain to you that he positively cannot send



Jean Colbert, dramatic star of CBS and NBC programs.

pictures unless they have been specifically promised in RADIO STARS, as in the case of the Lanny Ross offer.

And please, lady, call off your ghost. He's driving me practically kuh-razy.

Q. How are you today, Unkie?

A. Not bad. Not bad. And you?

Q. Fine. Would you tell us who the Lullaby Lady is?

A. Certainly

won't. That's up to the man who writes "Strictly Confidential." Look in his section.

Q. Oh ho, so that's the way it is, eh? Well you come across with that dope on Mabel Pierce and Morey Amsterdam of Al Pierce's Gang, or else. . . .

A. Wait a minute now. I'll talk. I'll start with Mabel. There's a gal who didn't sit around dreaming about her stage career. She started at the



DON'T LET FRIENDS WIN ARGUMENTS ABOUT RADIO. ASK THE ANSWER MAN. HE'LL TELL

age of six by making her debut singing "Oh Dry Those Tears," at the Los Angeles Philharmonic Stadium. She had trained for it with a chinning bar, having had the firm conviction that such activity was the best training for an aspiring singer. She kept at it—the singing, that is—even through that year she spent at the University of California. She left the institution to be a line girl at the Belmont Theatre there, but resigned after one performance and formed a sister team with another girl. The two wended their way to Chicago where they played vaudeville with Paul Ash and appeared in the musical comedy "Flying High." While with another partner, Johnny Dunn, they approached Morey Amsterdam for some material. Johnny told Mabel to be nice to him, so the story goes, and maybe Morey wouldn't charge so much for the material. Mabel was so nice that Morey fell in love with her and he's been furnishing material free for her ever since. By the time you read this far the wedding will be over. That's all.

Q. Oh no it isn't. What about Morey? (Continued on page 79)

HOW TO REFINE SKIN TEXTURE

Nurses discover quick, easy way—



Gain new beauty by correcting these common skin faults

BLEMISHES, large pores, scaly skin, oiliness . . . rob so many women of their natural skin beauty. Now these skin faults can be quickly corrected. Nurses have discovered a quick, easy way to end them. Their secret is a dainty, snow-white cream originally prescribed by physicians for burns, eczema and other skin troubles. Today it is used by over 6,000,000 women to clear and refine the skin.

If your skin is coarse-textured, rough, oily or blemished use Noxzema. It will purge the pores of deep-lodged, irritating impurities that cause blemishes. Then its rare oils soothe and soften—its ice-like, stimulating astringents shrink the big coarsened

Which mars your beauty?

**LARGE PORES
BLACKHEADS
PIMPLES
OILINESS
FLAKINESS**

pores to exquisite fineness.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. It's *greaseless—vanishing—stainless!* With this scientific complexion aid, your skin will soon be clean, clear, lovely.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store or if your dealer can't supply you send 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 511, Baltimore, Md.



NEW Noxzema Combination Cleansing and Night Cream and Noxzema Face Powder. Trial package of both 25c at drug stores, or mail 25c to Noxzema Chem. Co., Baltimore, Md.



WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS, TOO

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight—as much as the skin will absorb. In the morning note how *smoothed* it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand is!* Noxzema relieves irritation, improves hands overnight.

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C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Walters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D.C.
H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Walter Ramsey
Dell Publishing Co., Hollywood, Calif.
Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.
Joe Haeflner
Buffalo Evening News, Buffalo, N. Y.
John G. Yaeger
Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, O.
Martin A. Gosch
Courier Post, Camden, N. J.
Oscar H. Fernbach
San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.



(Left) Nathaniel Shilkret, orchestra director of the "Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre," the program that ranks first.

THE MONTH'S LEADERS

For the first time since the Metropolitan Opera went off the air, we have a 5 star program. The other four leaders all received four stars, but their fractional averages put them at the top of the heap.

1. The Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre (NBC).
2. "Town Hall Tonight" with Fred Allen (NBC).
3. Fleischmann Hour with Rudy Vallee (NBC).
4. Kraft-Phenix Program with Paul Whiteman and Al Jolson (NBC).
5. The Maxwell House Show Boat (NBC).

★★★★★ Excellent
★★★★ Good
★★★ Fair
★★ Poor
★ Not Recommended

- ★★★★★ PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND JOHN BARCLAY WITH NAT SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
The first 5 star program since the Metropolitan Opera went off the air.
- ★★★★ "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" with FRED ALLEN AND LENNIE HAYTON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Jumps from third to second place.
- ★★★★ FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).
This program steps down one place.
- ★★★★ PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL WITH AL JOLSON (NBC).
- ★★★★ CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
- ★★★★ FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).
- ★★★★ DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- ★★★★ "IN THE MODERN MANNER" WITH JOHNNY GREEN (CBS).
- ★★★★ COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH JOE COCK, DONALD NOVIS, DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA AND FRANCIS LANGFORD (NBC).
- ★★★★ LOMBARDO-LAND WITH GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIRGINIA RAE AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ THE HOOVER SENTINELS CONCERT WITH CHICAGO A CAPELLA CHOIR AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).
- ★★★★ "THE SPOTLIGHT REVUE" WITH EVERETT MARSHALL, COL STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD, FRANK CRUMIT AND VICTOR YOUNG'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- ★★★★ RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL CONCERT ERNO RAPEE (NBC).
- ★★★★ SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ HALL OF FAME WITH GUEST ORCHESTRAS (NBC).
- ★★★★ GULF HEADLINERS (NBC).
- ★★★★ CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA AND GUEST STARS (CBS).
- ★★★★ THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE GARDEN CONCERT WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT AND WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ THE ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).

- ★★★★ A & P GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★★ SOUTHERNAIRES, MALE QUARTET (NBC).
- ★★★★ ANN LEAF AT THE ORGAN WITH JIM BRIERLY, TENOR (CBS).
- ★★★★ THE PLAYBOYS, SIX HANDS ON TWO PIANOS (CBS).
- ★★★★ POET'S GOLD, POETRY READING BY DAVID ROSS (CBS).
- ★★★★ BOND BREAD SHOW WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).
- ★★★★ NICK LUCAS, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★★ CARLILE AND LONDON WITH WARWICK SISTERS, PIANO TEAM AND VOCAL DUO (CBS).
- ★★★★ COLUMBIA VARIETY HOUR WITH CLIFF EDWARDS AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES (CBS).
- ★★★★ WARD BAKING COMPANY SHOW WITH JEANNIE LANG, BUDDY ROGERS' ORCHESTRA AND THE THREE RASCALS (CBS).
- ★★★★ LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS) (NBC).
- ★★★★ METROPOLITAN PARADE (CBS).
- ★★★★ BETTY BARTHELL, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★★ LAZY BILL HUGGINS, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★★ KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC (CBS).
- ★★★★ EVAN EVANS, BARITONE (CBS).
- ★★★★ ROY HELTON—"LOOKING AT LIFE" (CBS).
- ★★★★ ATLAS BREWING CO., PRESENTS SINGIN' SAM (CBS).
- ★★★★ "FATS" WALLER, ORGAN-PIANO-SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★★ CONNIE GATES, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★★ JERRY COOPER, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★★ CHARLES CARLILE, TENOR (CBS).
- ★★★★ "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" WITH FRANK MUNN, MURIEL WILSON AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- ★★★★ "ACCORDIANA" WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIENNE SEGAL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).
- ★★★★ FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTE, TWO PIANO TEAM (CBS).
- ★★★★ TITO GUIZAR, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★★ VERA VAN, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★★ "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES" WITH ELIZABETH LENNOX AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- ★★★★ THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST FROM LITTLE AMERICA (CBS).
- ★★★★ MARY EASTMAN, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★★ BILL AND GINGER, POPULAR SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★★ VISITING WITH IDA BAILEY ALLEN (CBS).

- ★★★ SYLVIA FROOS SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★ BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS WITH CARSON ROBISON AND HIS BUCKAROOS (CBS).
- ★★★ EDITH MURRAY, SONGS (CBS).
- ★★★ LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL AND GUESTS (NBC).
- ★★★ GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC).
- ★★★ THE LANDT TRIO AND WHITE, SONGS AND CHATTER (NBC).
- ★★★ TALKIE PICTURE TIME WITH JUNE MEREDITH (NBC).
- ★★★ THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH IRENE BEASLEY (NBC).
- ★★★ CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND JIMMY DURANTE (NBC).
- ★★★ MANHATTAN MERRY GO-ROUND WITH TAMARA, DAVID PERCY AND JACQUES RENARD'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★ RUSS COLUMBO WITH JIMMY GRIER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★ HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR, GUEST STARS (NBC).
- ★★★ "GOIN' TO TOWN" WITH ED LOWRY, TIM AND IRENE, GRACE HAYES AND LEOPOLD SPITALNY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★ TASTYEST THEATRE WITH TOM POWERS AND LEONA HOGARTH (NBC).
- ★★★ MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK (NBC).
- ★★★ CHEFFRO INSPIRATIONAL TALKS AND MUSIC (NBC).
- ★★★ CENE AND GLENN, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).
- ★★★ THE MOLLE SHOW WITH SHIRLEY HOWARD AND THE JESTERS (NBC).
- ★★★ THE STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS WITH RICHARD HIMBER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★ CONTENTED PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD, THE LULLABY LADY, MORGAN EASTMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- ★★★ RALPH KIRBERY, DREAM SINGER (NBC).
- ★★★ THE BREAKFAST CLUB, DANCE ORCHESTRA AND THE MERRY MACS (NBC).
- ★★★ TODAY'S CHILDREN, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- ★★★ NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR (NBC).
- ★★★ BETTY AND BOB, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- ★★★ LOWELL THOMAS, COMMENTATOR (NBC).
- ★★★ PEPSODENT COMPANY PRESENTS FRANK BUCK, DRAMATIZED JUNGLE ADVENTURES (NBC).

(Continued on page 75)

Kilocycle Quiz

Can you answer these questions in five minutes!

1. Who is Fred Allen's wife?
2. How many children has Eddie Cantor?
3. To what famous radio star is Margaret Livingston married?
4. Who is the "Shine On Harvest Moon" girl?
5. Who is Alexander Woolcott's wife?
6. Who says "Heigh-ho Everybody" at the opening of his program?
7. Is Lanny Ross related to David Ross?
8. What sister team sings with Fred Waring?
9. Who are the Royal Canadians?
10. What is "Cheerio's" real name?
11. Is Joe Penner married?
12. What are the first names of the three Pickens sisters?
13. What title of nobility has Olga Albani?
14. Do you buy tickets to broadcasts or are they free?
15. What is Baby Rose Marie's last name?
16. Who is Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man?
17. What famous comedy team just returned from abroad?
18. Who is "The Long Tall Gal from Dixie?"
19. What is Maria's real name?
20. Who is the Waltz King?

Here are the answers to the Kilocycle Quiz questions:

1. Portland Hoffa.
2. Five daughters
3. Paul Whiteman.
4. Ruth Etting.
5. He has none.
6. Rudy Vallee.
7. No.
8. Lane sisters.
9. Guy Lombardo's orchestra.
10. Charles K. Field.
11. Yes.
12. Helen, Jane and Patti.
13. Countess.
14. Tickets are free.
15. Curley.
16. Irving Kaufman.
17. Burns and Allen.
18. Irene Beasley.
19. Irene Hubbard.
20. Wayne King.

Here are a few **DON'TS** about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills!

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

TAKE EX-LAX—THE LAXATIVE THAT DOES NOT FORM A HABIT

You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. Ex-Lax doesn't force—it acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative should be.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

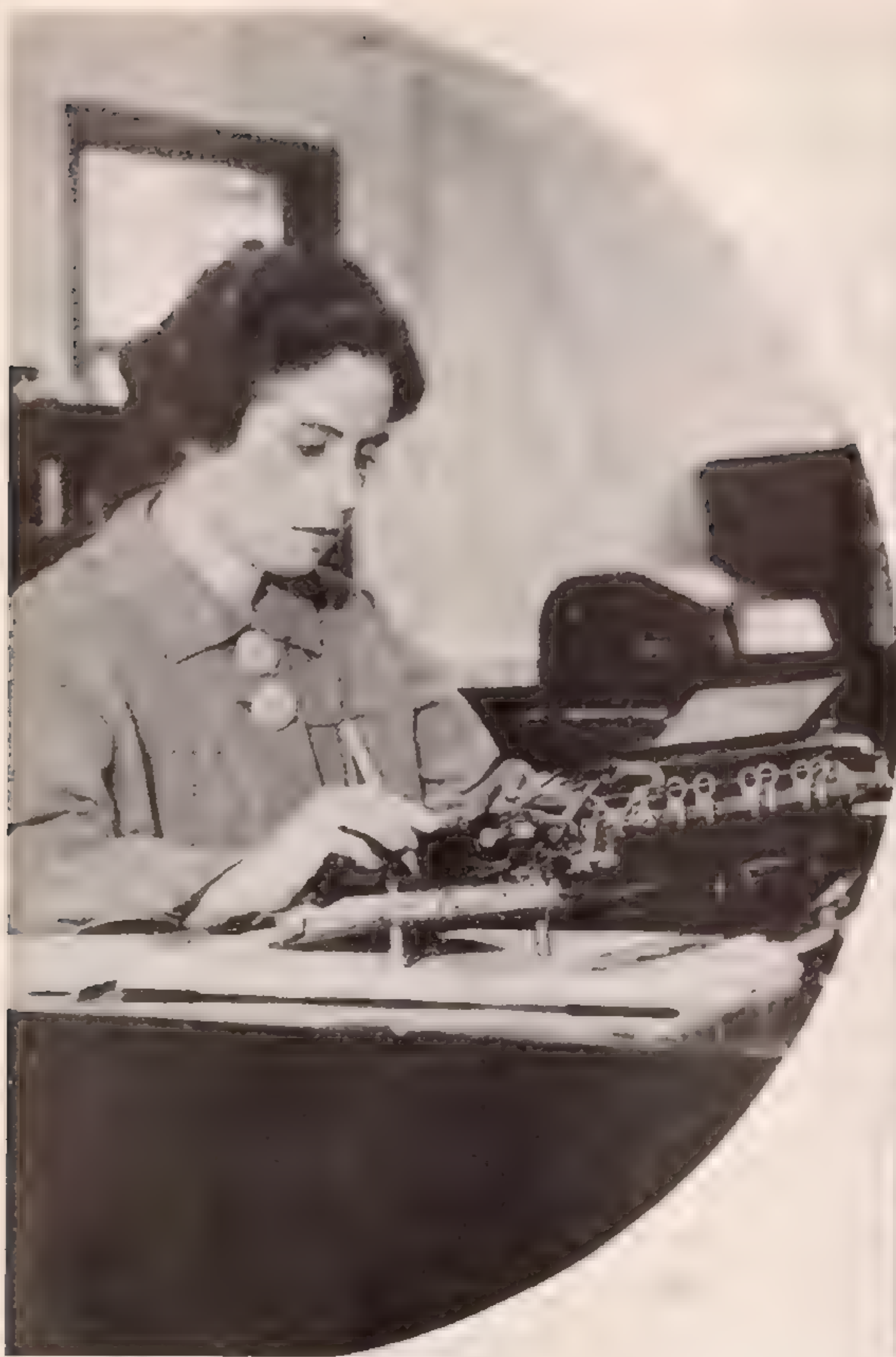
Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.



Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Here is Muriel Wilson writing the story of her surprise visit to Hollywood to interview Lanny Ross.



Lanny got the delight of his life when Mary Lou walked into the radio studio in Hollywood during his program.

Mary Lou VISITS

By Muriel Wilson

THRILLS?

You'd certainly think that Mary Lou would get her share of them broadcasting on the Maxwell House Show Boat and living in the scintillating radio sphere, wouldn't you?

But until recently she hasn't had them all. Since I'm really Mary Lou myself, I can speak with authority. I must tell you that the trip I just made to Hollywood to do an extra special interview of Lanny Ross for RADIO STARS and to broadcast with him from there has been just the biggest thrill ever.

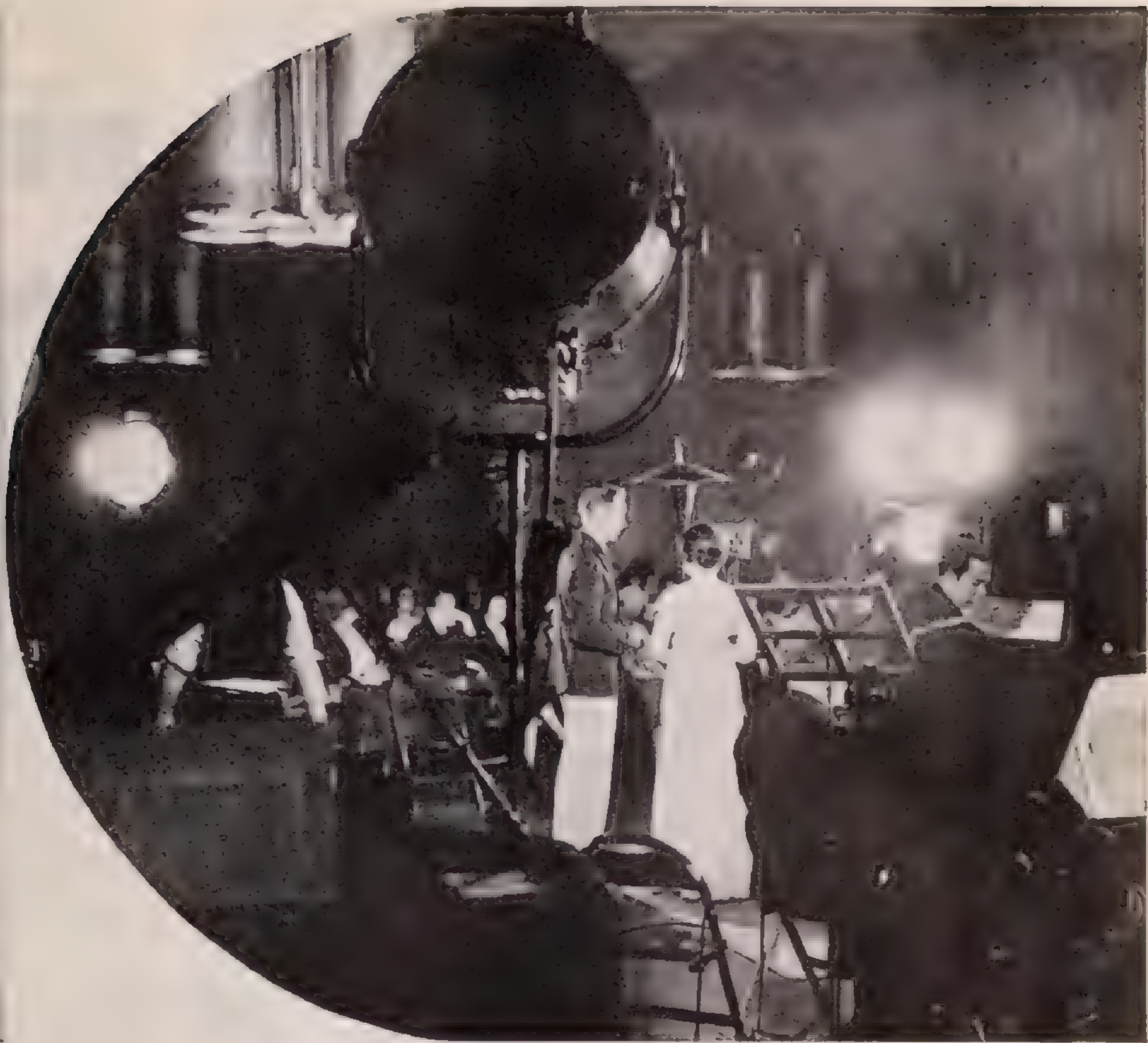
Like every woman I've always wanted to write. I wanted to when I first began singing on the Show Boat hour and I still do. No amount of love for singing

could change that. So when the editor of RADIO STARS asked me to do the story I accepted almost before he had the words out of his mouth. Because the story was to be about Lanny, it was so much the better.

You know, of course, that Mary Lou and Lanny on the Show Boat hour are in love on the air. That's no a very hard thing to believe, especially for the people who know him. He really is a dear.

That's why I'm going to be able to tell you what

SCOOP! MARY LOU TURNS WRITER FOR RADIO STARS. HOPS NEW YORK



Here they are at the mike, Muriel Wilson and Lanny Ross, with the searchlights of moviedom playing upon them. They star on the Maxwell House Coffee Show Boat program over NBC.

Lanny IN HOLLYWOOD

[Mary Lou]

good fun it is to be with him, how he always remembers the little courtesies, how he falls into little spells of reserve -things like that which only one who is fond of him could know.

Come on the trip to Hollywood with me. See Lanny as I saw him, with powerful studio lights glaring down on his makeup there at the Paramount lot; with the gentle, wistful smile he wore as we danced at the gorgeous Vendome restaurant; with the glint of the sun on

his hair as he strode toward me on the beach at Santa Monica.

As the plane went winging down the sky into the California sunset on the last lap of my journey to Hollywood, I strained my eyes toward the airport. I was almost wishing I hadn't decided to burst in on his program and surprise him. How marvelous it would be to see him again! How grand it would be to be back on the air with him from the same studio! Two broadcasts I could do with him from Hollywood for the Show Boat. That meant a lot of time to spend with him. Then there'd be the interview and perhaps we'd go about a bit together.

The earth sailed up to meet me. (Continued on page 37)

PLANE FOR HOLLYWOOD. MAKES SURPRISE VISIT TO INTERVIEW LANNY

She's THE BEST BOY IN THE BAND

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Taking time
off between
rehearsals.



THE clerk at the Marriage License Bureau was sorry but he couldn't issue a license. The girl had been so honest about her minority. "Seventeen," she'd said proudly, as if she thought this an age ripe and mature.

There were, of course, other indications of her youth. Such unadulterated happiness in her eyes as diminishes with adult years. A warm eager rush to her words. However, all of these things might have been overlooked if she hadn't made it so clear that she was under the age where a girl can marry without her parents' consent. A consent, obviously, not to be had in this instance.

Even her name was romantic. Ramona. And the tall, young boy

**WHEN RAMONA
PLACED HER BET
ON MUSIC, SHE
WON A JOB—AND
A PARTNER—
FOR LIFE**



Culver

You hear Ramona on Paul Whiteman's Thursday night show.

standing beside her—Howard Davies—a good American name, that. Like the boy somehow, unaffected, simple, honest.

"Come back tomorrow," the clerk whispered to them standing there so young and discouraged before him. "Go to the other fellow. Don't come to me. See? Say you're twenty-one. That'll fix it!"

They thanked him. And the next morning as the doors opened he saw them come in, go to the other fellow, and fill out a blank with their little white lies. But he pretended not to see them at all.

Sometimes love comes swiftly. It did to Ramona and Howard Davies. Ramona played the piano in Don Bestor's band. Howard played the tuba. Three months from the night Ramona first played with the band and she had met Howard they were married.

"Being the only girl in that band wasn't the lark you might think," Ramona says, completely frank, as usual. "Nights we worked and all day I was alone, for every last man in the crowd was a golf enthusiast. Immediately on getting up in the morning they traipsed off to the links and there they stayed until it was time for them to come home and get dressed to go on the job.

"I probably was the loneliest girl in the world. And the most miserable. I'd been used to friends and a family around me. Now I felt stranded, besides several boys in the band whom I had admired from a distance turned out to be prize stuffed shirts. I couldn't stick them."

Ramona wouldn't stick a stuffed shirt anywhere under any circumstances. She has no time for pretense for she's too busy dealing with reality and finding it intensely worth while even when it is most unpleasant.

Don Bestor first heard Ramona play the piano in a radio station. She had filled in on the air while he and his band were tuning up for a program. It was her vibrant personality as well as her playing that impressed him. And finally, by promising to look after her, he gained her mother's consent for her to play and travel with them.

Don appointed Howard Davies as Ramona's escort. It was Howard Davies who saw Ramona from her hotel to the theatre and from the theatre to her hotel.

Howard came from a good substantial family and he didn't drink. In choosing him to look out for Ramona, Don Bestor was living up to every last promise he had made her apprehensive mother.

The first night she and Howard found the way from the theatre to the hotel moderately long. They talked about the band. They agreed Don Bestor was one grand guy. But before the end of the week they found the way home no distance at all. Howard began to search about for longer routes. Now he and Ramona talked about themselves. They felt secretly glowing and gloriously alive.

NOW when anyone looked at Ramona as she walked so surely at Howard Davies' side a curious sense of pride turned within him.

He began to notice a dozen little things about her and to find every blessed one of them strangely endearing. He blamed himself for an utter fool because he previously hadn't noticed how deep and warm her eyes were. It never occurred to him before that her eyes were so deep and warm beneath her smooth forehead; that because of him they possessed a new light, a greater warmth.

This did occur to Ramona, however. Women always are quicker to see such things. After saying goodnight to Howard Davies, Ramona used to stand intrigued before her own reflection in the glass. Always it was as if she was looking at herself for the first time. Her new loveliness had nothing to do with (Continued on page 85)

The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs*!

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES • 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

"'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. Thar soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"'LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP



The jolsons



MR. and Mrs. Al Jolson (she's Ruby Keeler) are called radio's most devoted couple. The big picture above shows the love birds in front of their Scarsdale, New York, home where they summered while Al appeared on the Paul Whiteman Music Hall broadcasts over NBC Thursday nights.

The smaller picture shows the radio-movie stars in their garden. That smile of Al's might be due to his good prospect for corn on the cob. Do you think that's the reason for it?

Al's next movie, to be released this fall, will be titled "On with the Dance." Ruby has just finished her movie, "Dames," in which she again plays opposite Dick Powell. Already she's at work on a new one to be called "Flirtation Walk." It's all about what happens on that famous walk at West Point. Incidentally, that's where the picture was made. You'll be seeing it before Christmas.



dick powell

Bert Longworth



HE'S a regular fellow, this great big success, and probably got that way because he is. Everywhere Dick goes he leaves a host of friends and admirers.

You would never guess it now, but Dick Powell tells us he started life as a country bumpkin. He was born way out in Mount View, Arkansas, and says he was six before he even saw a trolley.

After one year at college, he deserted the old alma mater for song and became a church chorister in Little Rock. When he was offered a job as soloist with a concert orchestra in Louisville, Kentucky, things began to happen to young Powell.

Within a few months he landed in Pittsburgh as the "singing master of ceremonies." Pittsburgh voted him a swell entertainer and a divine crooner, but could only hold on to him for a couple of years. Then a scout from Warner Brothers discovered the good-looking crooner and Dick landed on top of the world.

"Blessed Event" was his first picture, and all of you remember "42nd Street" and "Golddiggers." You will soon be seeing him in "Flirtation Walk," and Dick is better than ever.

His new radio program, "Hollywood Hotel," goes on the air Fridays from 9:30 to 10 p. m. EST, beginning October 5 over one of the biggest networks in CBS history. Rowene Williams is the girl who will play and sing with Dick on this program sponsored by the Campbell Soup Company.



portland hoffa

Maurice Goldberg

TO HER radio audience, she is Portland Hoffa, stooge to Comedian Fred Allen of NBC. To her family, she is Mrs. Allen.

She was born in Portland, Oregon, so the Hoffa family proceeded to name her Portland. Miss Hoffa brushed up on reading and writing at Jamaica, New York, where, they say, she got more kick out of playing basketball and practicing archery than she did figuring out the whys of chemistry or the theories of geometry. While still below voting age, Portland joined George White's Scandals, danced and sung her way into two other Broadway shows and proceeded to fall head over heels in love with Fred Allen.

They were married and together they started their radio careers.

They first went on the air in 1932, and listeners have been served a goodly helping of their humor each season since. Always Portland talks about her "Poppa," who is now about as well known to loudspeaker addicts as Gracie Allen's (no kin) missing brother.

Although Husband Fred probably won't admit it, Portland has a hand in writing those programs. Even when she isn't able to contribute a good gag, she sits back and listens to those Fred picks and tells him frankly if they are good or bad.

Tune in this program at 9 p. m., EST, Wednesdays over an NBC red-WEAF network, and enjoy an hour of dry humor that is really very funny.





By Mary Jacobs

Babies WANTED!

**PUT IN YOUR ORDER FOR
BABIES QUICKLY, FOR RADIO
ARTISTS ARE CORNERING
THE BABY MARKET**

Ray Perkins has been "Daddy" to a ready-made babe for two years. Her name is Wendy.

Jackson

The Morton Downeys think as much of their adopted son as of their own. They know adoption often means happiness.

Wide World

Isham Jones didn't want somebody else's baby, but he changed his mind when David arrived.



RADIO STARS

BABIES Wanted!

If young, married, childless couples could get children the same way they do ice or milk, that is what cards in the windows of lots of radio couples homes would request today.

Children wanted. Wherever you go in broadcastland you hear them talking about the babies they want to have. You may ask yourself why is it, and provide your own answer. Possibly because Roosevelt is President, and the depression is over. But I think it is just because the stars have lonely hearts and realize that fame and fortune can never compensate for the emptiness of life without children.

Amazingly enough, among those whom I know to be actually seeking children for adoption today are George Burns and Gracie Allen, Mary Livingston and Jack Benny, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, Jack Denny and his Missus, and Jack Pearl and Mrs. Pearl.

Sounds like the dream of an inebriated press-agent or a star-gazing loon, doesn't it? I was skeptical myself about the sudden rush for made-to-order babies till I got some sound information from headquarters. In case you don't know, headquarters in the baby adoption business is the babies' home just outside of Chicago, *The Cradle*, where Evanston debutantes, college girls and poverty-stricken mothers all leave their unwanted babies for adoption. And believe it or not, there aren't enough babies to fill the demand this year. There, wealthy women with ermine-trimmed coats, movie stars like Miriam Hopkins, and just plain middle-class folks go to find the adorable, cuddly babies of which they've always dreamed.

"You can adopt three kinds of babies," an official at *The Cradle* said. "The child of married parents, the foundling of whom nothing is known, and the child born out of wedlock. Right now we have several orders from radio stars for all three types."

George Burns and Gracie Allen are perfectly willing to take a foundling. "As long as the baby is healthy, I don't see what difference it makes who her parents are," Gracie told me. "I want a six-months-old baby girl so I can bring her up from the start. What color eyes or hair she has or what way her nose turns doesn't matter. But I do hope she looks bright."

Do you want to know the real reason the Burnses decided to adopt a baby? George and Gracie had been thinking of it for a long time, but thinking was as far as it went until a seemingly insignificant incident in Hollywood last summer made Gracie really do something about it. While

making "Many Happy Returns," Gracie and George lunched at *The Broken Derby* with Wallace Berry. He had brought along his little adopted daughter, Carol Anne, who was so darn cute Gracie couldn't take her eyes off her. Then and there she decided she'd go baby shopping without delay.

She'll call her baby Sandra Burns. "The only trouble," she said, "is that the initials S. B. on underwear and baby things might seem a little queer, don't you think?"

"There's one thing you may be sure," she told me, "neither George nor I are going to try to remodel little S. B. I love clothes and feminine trinkets and I could spend the rest of my life shopping. But if little Sandra turns out to be as solemn as an owl and not at all interested in finery, I'll let her go around reading philosophy books and wearing sackcloth and ashes and I won't care a bit."

"It seems to me that most women who have trouble with their adopted children really cause it themselves. Dreaming of children for many years, they build up an exact image of what their little Toots will be like. Of course, she'll have all their good points, and all their husband's good points."

"Then along comes a
(Continued on page 90)

As you see, Jack Denny knows what it takes for his son-to-be.

Wile World

A boy and a girl are on the shopping list of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pearl who want two at once.

Some healthy little girl very soon will find a home with Gracie Allen and George Burns.

Culver



THE HIGH COST OF

THE SONG OF ROMANCE IS
OF DO-RE-MI WHEN THE BIG
OUT. SOME PAY AS

By Dora

WHEN the flowers bloom in the spring, tra-la-la, you can walk along flower-scented paths in the park and make love to the girl of your dreams. When the moon throws its silver light over the night-darkened water, you can hold the girl you adore in your arms and whisper sweet nothings into her shell-pink ear. If later, you should fall out of love with her, you might be pestered with a few telephone calls, but that slight annoyance would be the only price you would have to pay for love, if you're the average young man.

But the poor radio stars! If they make love in the spring, tra-la-la, they'll have to pay plenty of do-re-mi, tra-la-la. If they decide not to marry the girl, they'll be sued for breach of promise. If they go ahead and marry her and the marriage turns out unhappily, they'll be nicked for plenty of alimony. In plain dollars and cents, the cost of love on Radio Row is terrifically high.

Every week Gene Carroll must pay his ex-wife \$150.

Every week Glenn must pay his ex-better half \$175. Graham McNamee pays his \$1,000 a month. Because he had the misfortune to fall in love with a woman who did not love him, Rudy Vallee is paying temporary alimony of \$100 a week, and is constantly being harassed by lawsuits, the object of which is to make him pay more. Dave Rubinoff is being sued for \$100,000 by a gal named Peggy Garcia who claims he made love to her, and for \$169,000 by the wife from whom he was divorced seven years ago.

How do they feel, these radio stars, about paying this high price for love, love which they thought was compounded of moonlight and ecstasy and which turned to cheap tinsel in their hands? How do they feel about paying a large part of their fortunes and their future earnings to the women who, in many cases, are their worst enemies?

Brother, can't you guess?

Take Gene and Glenn, for instance.

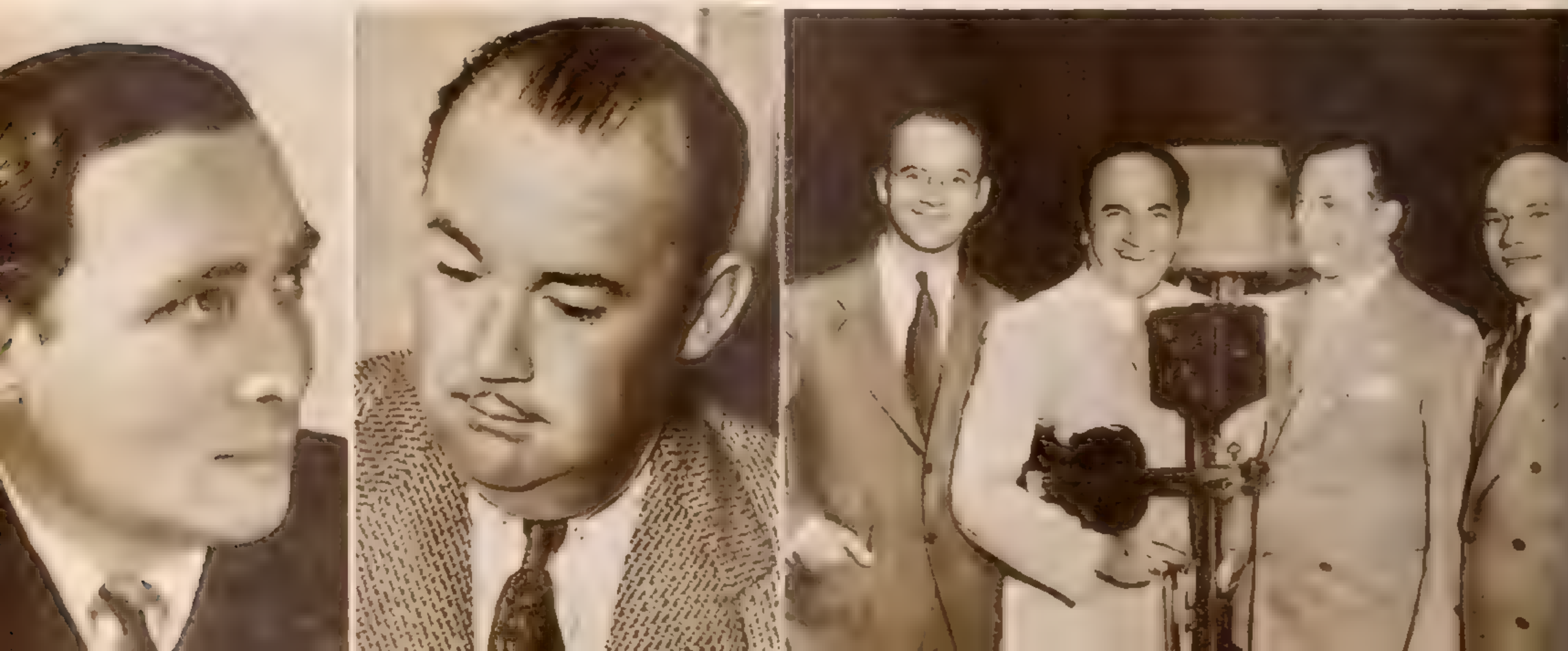
Besides the \$150 a week, which he pays to the ex-Mrs

Phil Baker's ex-wife demanded \$500 weekly.

Paul Whiteman has married four times.

Rubinoff is being sued by two women, one an ex-wife who demands \$169,000.

Wide World



LOVE ON RADIO ROW

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF PLENTY

SHOTS FALL IN LOVE — AND

MUCH AS \$500 WEEKLY

Albert

Gene, Gene Carroll gave her all his real estate and an equal share of his stocks and bonds, worth about \$25,000. He also agreed to keep up his payments on a \$100,000 life insurance policy, which she'll collect if anything happens to him.

"Glenn and I make \$1,000 apiece each week," Gene told me, "but we pay a continuity man \$250 a week; we pay a secretary; I have my hotel bill, garage, meals and clothes to provide for. Uncle Sam takes a huge slice of my salary for income tax. The result is that the alimony I pay is about fifty per cent of my net income."

"I wouldn't kick about that, but if Glenn and I ever make more money, our ex-wives can demand more alimony, although they've done nothing whatsoever to deserve it. When we're out of work for a few weeks, we still have to pay. We were laid off for five weeks between the time we left Cleveland and established ourselves over a national network from New York. We didn't get a

nickel during those five weeks, but our alimony went on and on just the same.

"Usually during the summer we take a few weeks off, but this summer we can't afford to do it, because we'd have to pay alimony for those weeks when we weren't working. A pretty expensive vacation that would be!"

I wondered what Gene and Glenn's ex-wives had done to deserve all this money.

"Did your wife help you achieve success?" I asked Gene.

"I should say not," he said. "She wouldn't even listen to my program!"

"But she made a home for you, didn't she?"

"No. That was one of the reasons for our breaking up. She never wanted a home. We lived in hotels all the time. And I got sick of it, I tell you."

Glenn's story sounds as if he had married the same girl or her twin, for he made (Continued on page 94)

Freddie Rich shown with his first wife, Ethel Davis, her mother and a friend. He pays, too

Gene Carroll, right, pays his ex-wife \$150 weekly. Glenn Rowell, left, pays \$175 each week.



.. ANY OTHER MAN

ROXY IS BACK! FROM CRUSHING DEFEAT, THIS MASTER SHOW-MAN FIGHTS HIS WAY AGAIN TO HEIGHTS FROM WHICH HE FELL



Mr. and Mrs. S. L. ("Roxy") Rothafel observe their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary without any pomp at Miami.

ROXY stood smoking in silence on the balcony of his spacious Central Park West apartment that cool gray summer morning. He had just returned from his prolonged vacation. His eyes were fixed dreamily on the magnificent crag that is Radio City shouldering through the mists above the uptown skyline of stone and brick.

There it stood, symbolic peak of his career, his dream made stone and steel, his inspiration made reality—the pinnae of twenty-seven successful years during which the name of Roxy was the magic word in show business. There it stood, a monument to his greatest triumph—and his most crushing defeat. For the name of Roxy is no longer connected with the project which he had once hoped would be his crowning achievement, his memento to posterity.

Even that famous apartment of his, just above the ceiling of the Music Hall, now stands empty, a show place for privileged visitors. In that apartment the most dramatic scenes of his tempestuous life were played. In it, he toiled endlessly to bring his dream to final fulfillment, fought his battles with the big wigs of the entertainment and financial worlds. From its pleasant intimacy, through his private porthole, he could look down upon the largest stage in the world and watch with anxious eye the presentations of his conceptions. All this was his triumph.

Twice he went out of there. Once he was carried out on a stretcher, expected to die. Once he walked out, forever, still a sick man, with a typed copy of his resignation in his pocket. This was his defeat.

And the building which holds all those memories for

him is a part of the view, so to speak, from his own front porch. I couldn't help wondering what his emotions must be on seeing that building at night, a black mass bathed in the reflection of lights that once burned to form his name, or gray and unreal, rising like a mirage, on such a morning as this. Then as though in answer to an unuttered question he spoke.

"I have no regrets, no bitterness," he said, "on the contrary my experience has given me something of great value. It has matured and mellowed me. I have learned to take things a little more quietly, a little more philosophically, without exacting such a toll of myself.

"The creative spirit may be set back, but it is never destroyed. We must live always in the future, for today is here and the past is dead. And I am sure that my trying experiences will help me rather than hinder me in doing greater things than I have ever done before."

AS the words came from his lips, his blue eyes were alight with inspiration, his tanned jaw grimly set. I could see at a glance that his fighting spirit had been restored, that Roxy was ready for his come-back.

By now it is well-known that Roxy is coming back, that he has been signed to direct and produce an important variety show over the Columbia network by the same agency which brought Albert Spalding to the air. But no one can grasp the full significance of his simple announcement who does not know the stirring story behind it, the story of how Roxy rose Phoenix-like from the ashes of defeat.

His is an inspirational story of 1934. Thousands of business men, both large and small, suffered what Roxy has suffered. They, too, experienced the blighting pain of seeing the labor of years crumble to dust before their eyes. Some took the easiest way out. Others were left

WOULD HAVE DIED

By Edward
R. Sammis

(Right) The dynamic master showman, Roxy, in the library of his New York home. You can hear his program over CBS.

Photos by Wide World

so broken in spirit that they did not have the heart to begin again. Still others, like Roxy, have fought hard to rehabilitate themselves.

But this year of 1934 is one of hope. Here and there the light is breaking through the clouds. Therefore this story of the odds one man has overcome should be a beacon in the hearts of those millions who are engrossed in similar struggles today.

Roxy was born Samuel Lionel Rothafel, a poor boy, the son of immigrant parents in Stillwater, Minnesota, a quiet village on the banks of the St. Croix River. While he was still in short trousers, his parents moved to New York and Roxy took his first job as a cash boy in a Fourteenth Street department store.

The next ten years he spent trying to find himself, working variously as a book agent, a private in the Marine Corps, as a miner in the Pennsylvania coal fields.

All this time he was apparently getting nowhere, but unconsciously he was acquiring that wide knowledge of human nature which was to be so invaluable to him later.

He found his true field of endeavour at last, in 1907, when he opened a little nickelodeon in a vacant store in Forest City, Pennsylvania, with camp stools borrowed from the local undertaker for chairs. (Continued on page 60.)





AUSTIN MacCORMICK

Wide World



ROGER BALDWIN

Wide World

WE WANT

The hottest problem in the broadcasting frying pan is that of how much or how little news the networks should broadcast. Well, how much should they broadcast? Your answer is as good as ours.

Newspapers are quite frank in their insistence that news is property which they own, and broadcasts of news hurt the sale of that property. Many of them are belligerent in their insistence that radio stations broadcast very little news—a decision, by the way, that is entirely proper from their point of view.

On the other hand, broadcasters are able to reach the ears of the nation in a split second. A Dillinger killing or an attempt on the President's life is big news and as such should be given to the public at the earliest possible moment.

In the formation of the Press-Radio News Bureau, newspapers and broadcasters have reached a common ground which apparently satisfies them both. But does it satisfy the public? Are the abbreviated broadcasts now in effect giving radio listeners what they want?

Frankly, we do not pretend to know. But in our efforts to get a cross section of opinion, we asked some outstanding citizens what they thought about it. Their statements reveal some unexpected and exciting angles in the situation. Across the page you will see what they have to say for the "forgotten listener."

THE EDITOR.

MRS. GELINE MacDONALD BOWMAN

President, The National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, says:

"Business women with the multiple duties facing them today need to budget and conserve their time along with the conservation and good management of their income. For this reason news over the radio is particularly helpful to such women, and probably there is no feature brought into the homes of Americans today which can have such constructive educational value as the circuits devoted to certain periods of news broadcasts. I do not consider the radio a competitor of the newspaper, for certainly every person who wishes to be well-informed needs to read daily the best news dispatches and editorial comments afforded them in the newspaper columns. News hours over the radio, however, with a digest of the happenings of the moment make an excellent combination for a well balanced, up-to-date mind."

LEWIS E. LAWES, Warden of Sing Sing Prison says:

"At Sing Sing, the news broadcasts are the most popular feature of the programs received here. Each cell is

WHO IS TO DECIDE HOW MUCH
AND WHAT NEWS GOES ON
THE AIR? SHOULDN'T YOU LIS-
TENERS HAVE SOMETHING TO
SAY ABOUT IT?



Wide World

WARDEN LAWES

News!

equipped with earphones. I do not know of a privilege granted the inmates, aside from visits and letters, that they would be more loath to lose. Many of them subscribe to daily papers and many more would do so if they had the funds. Yet not one of them, I dare say, would give up his daily paper for the necessarily meagre radio news reports. In fact, it is my considered opinion that news broadcasts stimulate and promote the desire for more complete knowledge of what is happening outside the walls. Lowell Thomas, Edwin C. Hill, Boake Carter, H. V. Kaltenborn, Ford Frick, New York American's 'Globe Trotter,' Harlan Reade, and other news commentators provide a large part of the programs relayed to the inmates through our central control station. Any omissions of these well known personalities and their often keen and penetrating analyses of the news would result in hundreds of letters of protest being sent me by the inmates.

"I believe the resumption of spot news broadcasts would stimulate the desire for further details. Far from diminishing the circulation of the newspapers, I think the frequent release of spot news to the broadcasting systems for dissemination would have the opposite effect."

ROBERT B. IRWIN (a blind man) Executive Director, American Foundation for the Blind, says:

"The blind men and women of America have been hurt by the change in the method of broadcasting news. They do not like it. Hundreds of them, particularly in the south and west, have written to us, protesting bitterly, beseeching us to do what we could to effect a return to the old system. We have, of course, made representations on their behalf but so far without result.

"The blind listeners of the south and west have been more vehement in their protest because in those regions the newspapers and radio stations were in the habit of giving long and leisurely news recitals over the air, usually averaging about half an hour. These were given at convenient hours, times when it was pleasant to sit and listen to a news broadcast. The sentiment of eastern listeners among the blind is the same. It has not found quite as strong expression because news broadcasting in the east never assumed the importance it did in other parts of the country.

"The discontinuance of the more comprehensive system of news broadcasting is a real deprivation and we feel that the method now in effect should be modified so that the blind again can have an opportunity to know what is going on in the world. There is a blind person for every thousand persons who are able to see, in this country, about 120,000, most of whom look to the radio for their contact with events with the world.

"News flashes are not enough, not at any rate, those

that last five minutes only. I, personally, have tried several times to listen in on the night news broadcast but have never succeeded in finding it. A five minute period is, as we all know, hard to find and easy to lose in the haystack of radio. Besides, under the present arrangement, they come at an hour when most blind people are sound asleep. At least this is true for the evening broadcast which in New York has been put out as late as midnight.

"We do not ask for a great deal. We would be satisfied with two fifteen minute news broadcasts, one at about 7:30 in the morning, a breakfast program, the other at about eight in the evening, an after dinner set of flashes. Under this arrangement, I feel sure, most of the protests would cease. A half hour of news supplemented by periods of comment and interpretation by such men as Boake Carter and Edwin C. Hill should be sufficient."

W. T. WESTON, General Secretary, Seamen's Church Institute of America, says:

"Sailors must have their news. It means more to them than it does to most people. In all their spare moments, they read—old newspapers, magazines, books of facts. Naturally they feel any reduction in the quantity of news, particularly sailors on freight vessels. Accustomed to fairly long broadcasts, they now get headlines only. But we have heard no complaints. They are a philosophic class of men. They accept such changes calmly, knowing that what is a deprivation to them must be the same to other people, and so cannot remain.

"There is this to be said for seamen on ships in the European trade, in mid-Atlantic the wireless operator can pick up the news from the Eiffel Tower and British stations and so supplement the meagre American ration."

AUSTIN H. MacCORMICK, Commissioner, Department of Correction, New York City, formerly Assistant Director, U. S. Bureau of Prisons, says:

"You can take your choice between letting these guys go to pieces or giving them something to think about. Radio in prison is a life saver. It is good for discipline. I don't think there is an honest, enlightened prison official in this country who is not in favor of it. It is one of the best cures known for *stir simple*. That's when the prisoner, shut off from the world, from conversation, goes into a daze, day-dreams, becomes a semi-imbecile. Listening to the radio keeps the prisoner alive.

"Of all radio entertainment, the news broadcasts are the best and do the most good. That's why we would like to see these broadcasts lengthened and put out at different hours. At present these five minutes of flashes twice a day are missed by practically all prisoners. In the morning they are cleaning up or answering sick call. At night, practically all of them are asleep. It's too bad, because I have observed that the news, as being broadcast now, is relatively free of crime reports. Probably the best hour would be six or seven o'clock at night, because prisoners eat early.

"Giving prisoners radio is not coddling them. It is simply a device for keeping them and making them normal citizens. No one is going to do time because there are radios in prison."



Wide World

ROBERT B. IRWIN

MRS. C. C. WAKEFIELD, First Vice-President, National "Shut-In" Society, says:

"Radio has done a great deal to make life bearable for the shut-in. Youth comes back and we feel we are again part of the movement of life as we sit and listen. Shut-ins enjoy listening to the news as much and perhaps more than to other program features. It stimulates them, gives them new incentive. We regret that the new arrangement makes it necessary to give out news so late in the evening. If there was a news program earlier, let us say, about seven o'clock, it would be much better. As it is, most shut-ins are asleep when the news is broadcast."

WILLIAM B. COX, Executive Secretary, The Osborne Society (which is a combination of the Welfare League Association and the Society for Penal Information both founded by Thomas Mott Osborne, former Sing Sing Warden. Cox himself is an outstanding prison authority), says:

"At 9 o'clock in the morning inmates of virtually all major prison institutions in the United States are hard at work cleaning up. At 9 o'clock in the evening, with few exceptions, they are asleep. Thus, prisoners are either at work or in bed when news is being broadcast. Very few of the five minute news flashes ever leap the prison walls. And this, I may say, has worked a definite hardship."

"There are 148 major prisons (Continued on page 75)"

He went **HUNGRY**



Lazy Bill Huggins stepped from poverty into radio stardom.

McEllott

By Hilda Cole

EVERY morning a shrill telephone bell wakes Bill Huggins out of one dream into another. As he looks about him at his comfortable suite; as he gazes out of the window upon hustling Broadway below, he can hardly believe his eyes, even though they tell him he has won his long fighting grind against the wolf of bitter poverty at last.

He's known to the airwaves as "Lazy Bill Huggins," a new network find who arrived from Washington this spring. Maybe you've been thrilled by his dreamy baritone vibrating to the accompaniment of a wistful guitar, softly breathing violins, and throbbing piano, traveling intimately to your ears on Monday or Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock EST on CBS.

Probably the lazy voice conjures up visions for you of a drawling Virginia lad who spent his childhood on a honeysuckle covered white plantation beyond the Mason and Dixon line.

But the possessor of that leisurely young voice has left desperate, dark years behind him. He is the same Bill Huggins who, up to eight months ago, grappled with a succession of tough jobs in order to survive. The same Bill Huggins who overcame his sensitiveness to stand in the window of a cheap Roanoke clothing store and sing through a raucous loudspeaker to attract passersby. The same Bill Huggins who walked back-breaking miles as a door-to-door salesman of shoe polish. The same Bill

Huggins who worked as a railroad laborer, wielding a pick-axe against the protest of aching muscles. The same Bill Huggins who ushered twelve hours a day in a Washington theater patiently, wearily—even while he became the popular idol of WJSV.

SOMEBODY once said that an artist must have his heart broken seven times before he is fit to become an artist. Bill, at the age of twenty-two, has topped that number and more in his eternal struggle against poverty.

Bill began life clad in hand-me-down baby clothes discarded by older sisters. The Huggins were poor—so poor that all six kids knew that wearing out a pair of shoes practically amounted to a tragedy.

Yet young Huggins was blessed with one safety valve to relieve his mind when his adolescent mood was indigo—music! He overcame embarrassment caused by wearing shabby clothes to school, learned to conquer his boyish longing for steak and angel food cake, quit wishing for a bicycle—but he never lost an utterly intolerable pang of yearning for a ukelele. When he was sixteen, a lanky kid with strangely hungry eyes, he bought a uke with \$2.50 of the \$3.00 he earned weekly as delivery boy on a bread wagon after school.

To his family, swamped with financial worries, it seemed a shocking extravagance. To Bill, it proved a magic instrument that filled a (Continued on page 79)

SEVEN TIMES BILL HUGGINS HAS FELT THE PANGS OF A BROKEN HEART



An exclusive study
portrait of Harry
Richman.

Jackson

**LIFE IS NOT ALL SONG AND FUN
TO HARRY RICHMAN. HIS AMAZ-
ING PLANS AND LONGINGS WILL
SURPRISE AND PLEASE YOU**



SHAKE HANDS WITH A *Millionaire*

By Frances Barr Matthews

"THE GREATEST mistake I ever made in my life," said Harry Richman, "was not marrying Clara Bow."

You can't get Harry off that subject. He twists every question you ask him into a reference to Clara. In some strange way she has so colored his life that he harks back to that great publicity stunt—which turned into a serious affair—at every opportunity.

I told him that his engagement to Clara Bow has been written about so much that it might be better not to bring it up at this late date, but that didn't stop him. We were talking about his mistakes, his disappointments, his dreams for the future. "I shouldn't have let the newspapers interfere with our happiness," he said. "Clara was going to give up the screen. We had it all set. But because the whole business started as a publicity gag to get me before the movie public, I lost out on love."

For Harry Richman, the hard-boiled, wise guy and heart-and-soul a Broadway boy with pomade on his hair and a silver bracelet on his wrist, is actually a human being with a dream of which you and I would be proud.

Some day he wants to say to you, and not just in the form of popular song, but literally and sentimentally, "Shake Hands With a Millionaire."

Literally, because he's working on a million-dollar annuity. That's the big reason why he drives hard bargains. When Ben Marden said, "Come out and sing for the boys

and girls at my Riviera road house," Harry said: "How much?"

Fifteen per cent of the gross, that's what Harry demanded—and got. And a \$3500 a week guarantee. During the torrid summer just past he averaged \$7500 to \$8000 a week at the Riviera. The high was \$12,000. And besides this he drags down \$1750 a week till the first of the year for his radio program. Not bad.

Not good enough, says Harry. He has plans. He's going to pay up that million-dollar annuity which will guarantee him an income of around fifty thousand a year—and then?

Well, you know. He's told you before. He's going to get married. He's going to do the things he likes to do. He's going to use those three planes—a Sikorski, a G. B. and a Fairchild—which he virtually stores at that private hangar at the Flushing, New York, airport. He's going to spend some time in that Beach Hurst house with its dozen rooms, its collection of fancy firearms, particularly those phoney guns which criminals have used to escape from prison (I wonder what Harry'd pay for Dillinger's wooden gun?), his collection of jade and ivory (six hundred ivory elephants—count 'em!), his collection of first editions and rare books. Yes sir, he's going to browse and collect and swim and fish and boat and fly and . . .

Well, as for me, I don't believe it for a minute. I do think Harry'll get married— (Continued on page 98)

(Lower left) Harry singing his own arrangements.
(Below) Harry uses a blackboard to teach lyrics.

Beauties and their teacher. Harry is telling the gals how. They're Arlene and Charlene Abner.

McElliott





(Right) Don't you love these idiots. Col. Stoopnagle and Budd giving their funny bone ticklers a quick rehearsal.

Last minute groomings before the curtain rises. Victor Young directs while Baritone Everett Marshall goes over his scores.

By St. Clair Duncan



HEY taxi! We want to go to the Columbia Playhouse. We've got tickets for "The Spotlight Revue." And tonight we've got special permission to sit in the press box and go backstage whenever we feel like it. Tonight we're going to see with our own eyes everything that happens on this all star Schlitz Beer program that has America's armchair listeners twirling the dial to CBS each Friday night at ten, eastern standard.

The way this driver tears through the streets jammed with the theatre crowd without knocking anyone down is a miracle. We don't even have to tell him how to

get to the Playhouse. I'll swear every man behind a wheel in New York knows where it is.

Hop out! It's the old Hudson Theatre. Yep, that's right. Don't stop to look at those pictures in the lobby. We'll see them later. Rush in and grab our seats. Say, did you ever see such a crowd? Look at those high hats and monocles even sitting in the gallery. The pit, both balconies and gallery are all packed. Some show! And it's only 9:40. Twenty minutes yet before the curtain goes up. But listen to those strange noises coming from behind the scenes. Wonder what they could be.

BACKSTAGE AT "THE



Carol Deis, the leading lady who thrills you with that divine soprano. She holds her hand to her ear so that she is able to distinguish how true is the tone of her voice.



Young Parker Fennelly (left) is the aged Uncle Abner. He's rehearsing the uncle and nephew lines with Frank Crumit (right), the singing ring master for Schlitz Beer.

**HERE'S COMEDY, OPERA, DRAMA AND JAZZ. COME WITH US AND MEET
THOSE WHO MAKE THIS BIG ALL STAR PROGRAM**

Let's go backstage and see what it's all about. Gee, these wings look funny from behind. Look, there's Victor Young. Hi, Vic, what's all the shooting about? Those musicians of yours sound more like the Bedlam Brass Band than your outfit. Oh, just running over those scores, eh? Look who's dashing up the stairs to the dressing room. Stoopnagle. Too bad. He's gone. Wonder where Budd is? But never mind, we'll get to them later. And who's that beauty over there behind Frank Crumit? No, the one in the rocking chair. Of all things.

Would you believe it? It's Carol Deis, the prima donna of the show, and she's knitting! She'll tell you that more than one radio artist has knitted sweaters while waiting for curtain calls. Keeps them calm and nonchalant.

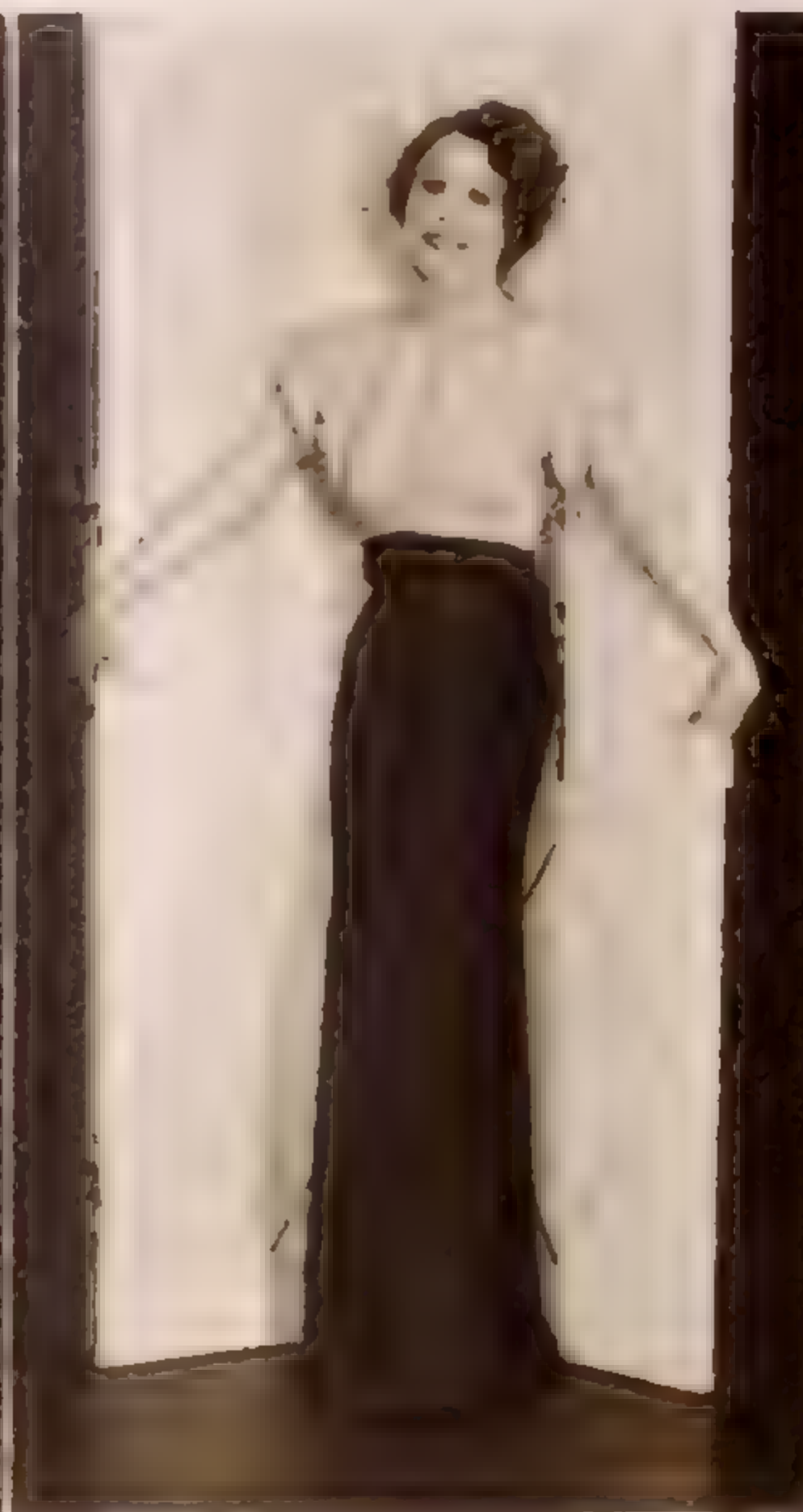
Yes sir, Carol is the girl who sprang to fame on her nerve. Pretty isn't she? Some people get all the breaks. Slim figured, auburn hair and a voice like an angel's. But she had plenty of struggle before she "arrived." Not so long ago she was the little girl longing for a grand piano and getting (Continued on page 36)

SPOTLIGHT REVUE"

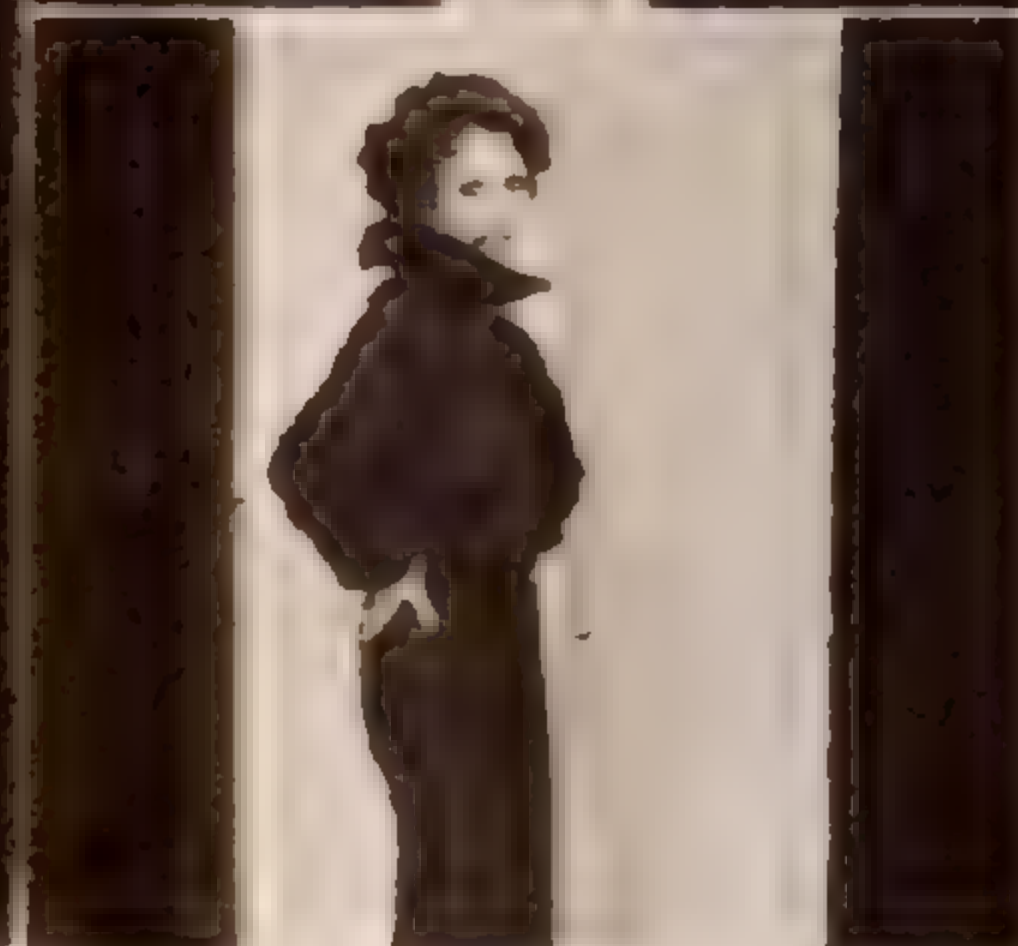
Five FREE Dresses



The Greeks boasted simplicity in dress, but Gladys Parker goes them one better and makes it dramatic. Annette Hanshaw models "Slim Jim," a very striking satin formal.



"Pink Lady" has a chiffon blouse gathered with rhinestones and a skirt and jacket of chiffon velvet. The jacket buttons in the back and has a delightfully perky collar.



Above is the stunning shirred velvet and satin jumper (worn with or without a wide velvet belt) that makes "Slim Jim" a two purpose gown. Below is "Pink Lady's" jacket.



Gladys Parker is the famous artist who designed the gowns shown above for the readers of RADIO STARS.

By Helen Hover

RULES

If you want one of the dresses shown on these two pages, write a letter to Miss Annette Hanshaw, RADIO STARS Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City. Tell her in seventy-five (75) words or less which dress you want and why you want it.

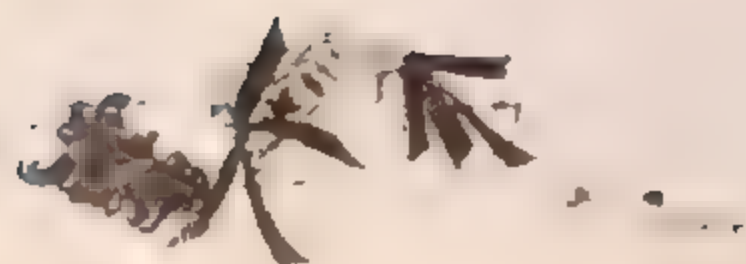
The letter which gives the best reason for wanting a certain dress, written in the most original manner, will win that dress. There are five dresses. Make your choice before you write, for you can compete for only one.

In case two or more contestants tie for first place, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Anyone is eligible to compete for these dresses with the exception of employees of RADIO STARS Magazine and their relatives and members of Gladys Parker's staff.

All entries must be mailed before midnight or October 31, 1934.

IMPORTANT—After you have told your reason for wanting a dress, add a postscript giving your age, dress size, weight and the color of dress you prefer.



Dresses made by Silver Davis, Inc.

for Radio Fans



Photographs by Jackson

Pull off the smart wool and silver knitted sweater and you transform a Sunday night frock into a sleek formal, low cut with silver lapels front and back. This is "Joan of Arc."

"Mac" is such a frivolous darling with its shoulder flares lined in taffeta. The slit skirt panels are edged in taffeta. Those adorable matching mittens also come with the dress.

Perfect for almost every party occasion is this afternoon suit "Matinee" with its adorable ruffled net blouse peeping out from under this trim, two-piece, flared, velveteen suit.

HOLD your breath, girls! You're going to be let in on one of the grandest contests ever!

Do you see those pictures of cute little Annette Hanshaw in those perfectly beautiful clothes? Wouldn't you love to own one for your very self? What if I told you that you could? Yes, actually! Well, take a deep breath and listen to this! You can win your favorite dress among these five absolutely free!

Yes indeedly. So just cast your eye over those five gorgeous dresses again and pick out the one you want—because you may be wearing it at your next big date.

Can't you just picture yourself wearing "Slim Jim" (every one of these frocks has its own amusing name) to that Christmas dance? Or "Joan of Arc" to that Thanksgiving affair? Or "Pink Lady" or "Matinee" to those thousand and one winter teas and parties? Or bowling over the stag line with "Mac"? But stop me, I'm running away with myself



Here's how it all started. Annette Hanshaw has been tripping in and out of the studios in such unusual frocks that Lanny Ross, Mary Lou and the whole flock of folk on the Show Boat program would sigh admiringly every time she passed. Well, one day this Radio Stars representative not only sighed at her perfect gem of a gown, but drew her aside and asked, "Tell me, Annette, where did you get them—your clothes, I mean."

Annette just winked and laughed. "I'll take you up with me next week and you'll find out for yourself."

So bright and early the next Tuesday afternoon Annette led me right up to a tall building, up several floors and through a door with the name "Gladys Parker" over it. There we came face to face with a tousle-haired, elfin young cat.

"This," announced Annette proudly, "is Gladys Parker. She's the clever girl who designs all of my clothes."

"And," here Annette's eyes grew wider, "to show you what a good picker I am, Miss. (Continued on page 70)



Alice
Faye

HOW MY

Cinderella

DREAMS CAME TRUE

By Alice Faye

as told to Virginia Maxwell

I STILL, just a little dazed over the wonderful thing which has happened to me. Four short years ago I was one of the millions of girls who lives in a suburban town. Nothing ever happened to me; life was humdrum without any of the drama I used to read about in the lives of other girls.

Long summer nights I would sit on the front porch with my brothers, Charlie and Bill, listening to the crickets singing themselves to sleep. After Mom and I had washed up the evening supper dishes there wasn't another blessed thing to do. Unless, of course, my favorite crooner happened to be on the radio.

Yes, I will admit that I always greatly admired Rudy Vallee. He had something in his voice which any girl could thrill to. Besides, he had dash and personality. I had seen him once in vaudeville. And that was only three years before the public actually began to couple my name with his; before I found this wonderful man giving me a chance in radio, then in pictures, which has today brought me fame and fortune.

Mine is an unusual story. I suppose it does happen only once in a life-time. And because I would like to tell every lonely girl in the world not to despair of happiness, because I would console those people who think life has backed 'em—they can get up and start again—this is the real reason for my revealing, for the first time, this inside story of my great radio adventure.

But do let me begin from that evening when I first heard Rudy Vallee crooning. His voice came over our little parlor radio with a magic something that thrilled me to my toes. There was only one voice like that. It could never be duplicated no matter how many imitators Rudy may have.

I glanced at my girl friend and she looked at me. We smiled. Then I got up and turned the dial so we could hear Rudy's voice a little louder.

"Doesn't that voice *do* something to you?" I remarked. "What? You, too, Alice?" she laughed. "Half the crowd in Washington Irving are nuts about Rudy Vallee. You've added yourself as another fan."

CERTAINLY I took a lot of kidding about that. Like most girls, I never dreamed I'd ever have the good fortune to meet this voice in the flesh.

I wouldn't say exactly that it was the lure of the stage which made me leave high school. For two years I had gone to Washington Irving High School on Fifteenth Street and Irving Place, New York, the heart of the city. Every morning I would ride down town in the subway from our home in the upper Bronx. And more often

than was good for me, I'd catch myself reading the theatrical sheet of the newspaper rather than my history books. After all, Eddie Cantor and Rudy Vallee were real people you could hear over the radio and so much more interesting than Napoleon or Julius Caesar or even Marc Antony.

You see, I wanted to do something. I could dance pretty well, for Mom had let me go to parties and dances, accompanied by one or sometimes both of my brothers, since I was sixteen. I had learned the latest steps and could do them pretty well if I do say so.

My first opportunity came when I heard the family discussing finances. Like every other family in the country, they too had felt the depression and I took this chance to make the suggestion which had been gnawing at my heart for a long while. "Why don't you let me get a job, Mom?" I begged.

My mother has always been my closest friend and companion and has always had my best interests at heart even though she said "no" very emphatically to many of my wishes when I thought otherwise. Now she looked at me and shook her head. "You're entirely too pretty. Alice, to go gadding about any office. We ought to be able to have one lady in the family, seeing you're the only girl."

"Please, Mom," I begged. "I don't want to work in any stuffy office. You just let me try—just once. And if I don't get a job within a few weeks I'll give in and stay home."

After much persuasion we finally came to a little agreement. I was at last to have my first try at the theatre.

Breathless with excitement, the next morning I got up early, took a warm shower, slipped into my prettiest pretties and was on my way downtown to find that job. I had read the theatrical columns in the newspapers very conscientiously and had carefully torn out little references to places where novices might get a try-out. The first place I made for was Chester Hale's dancing academy, for I understood that he tested the girls there and if a girl was found lacking in training, she could enroll in his classes and polish up.

RIGHT into Chester Hale's office I walked, but I admit that my knees were trembling from fright. I was hoping he wouldn't ask me to demonstrate what I could do for I knew I'd fall over myself from excitement.

Mr. Hale greeted me with a smile and asked me to sit down. Then he told me to get up. Then sit down. By this time I thought it was some sort of joke being played on me, and I found courage to tell him I had come for a job in his chorus, not for gymnastic lessons.

He smiled again. "You'll do." (Continued on page 84)

THE FASCINATING INSIDE STORY OF HER GREAT RADIO ADVENTURE

**JACK BENNY SWITCHES
SPONSORS. LANNY ROSS
DENIES HE'S MARRIED.
MANY NEW PROGRAMS
TO HIT THE AIR THIS
MONTH**

EMPHATICALLY discrediting current rumors that he is married and the father of a child, Lanny Ross, radio and screen star, in an exclusive statement to RADIO STARS, denies that there is any basis of truth in the rumors.

"I am not married at the present moment," Lanny said, "and have never been married. I do not expect to be married in the near future to anyone and certainly I have no children."

Those rumors said Lanny was married to his pretty manager, Olive White. An additional statement that he is not married to her was made by Miss White. "Lanny is not married to me or to anyone else," she said.

Lanny is now in Hollywood working on Paramount's movie "College Rhythm" in which Joe Penner, radio comedian, is also featured.

● One Monday evening recently during the Contented hour, Morgan L. Eastman and his orchestra played "Lullaby" from Ermine. Everyone on the program knew that it was the first lullaby that Isabel Zehr had sung when she became the "Lullaby Lady"; they also knew that she was ill in her Glencoe home at that moment. What they did not know was that she lay dying as the Contented hour was on the air. Later they learned of her passing at the end of the broadcast. She had been ill for several months. Karolyn Harris is now the "Lullaby Lady."

● Seven new programs are scheduled to hit the air from NBC this month. "The Ivory Stamp Club," featuring Tim Healy, returns to the loudspeakers October 1, to be heard each Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5:45 p. m. EST. On the same day "Red Davis" returns for a Monday, Wednesday and Friday series to go on at 7:30 p. m. EST. Also on October 1, a fifteen minute program on Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Company. Ed Wynn's so-o-o-o goes out over an NBC mike Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m. EST begin-

Strictly confidential

Barbara Jo Allen, NBC actress, plays "Beth Holly" in "One Man's Family." She also appears on "Death Valley Days" and "Winning the West."



Frances Langford, songstress, appears on the "Colgate House Party."

Mary Courtland, NBC contralto, is a native of Mcville, Tennessee.





Romance

Harmony poses. She's Violet Hamilton, one of the Three X Sisters.

Edith Murray, CBS, has been singing since she was four years old.

Joan

McEllen



By Wilson Brown

ting October 2. On October 6, Smith Brothers will sponsor a half-hour musical program, details of which were not announced at this writing. The time is Saturdays at 9 p. m. Two programs begin October 14. One is a fifteen minute program sponsored by the M. J. Breitenbach Company to hit the air waves on Sundays at 4:45 p. m. EST. The other is "Gems of Melody" which returns after a summer vacation. This program will feature orchestras and soloists and is scheduled for Thursdays at 7:15 p. m. EST.

● At the turn of the century many a romance had its origin in the good old-fashioned barn dance. Now love finds its way through the National Barn Dance on NBC. The other day Dixie Mason, the prima donna of this great show, married Fleming Allan, producer of the show. Allan also handles the broadcasts of Ben Bernie, Jackie Heller, Ma Perkins, Salty Sam and several others.

● Freeman F. Gusden (Amos) cabled recently from Ketchikan, Alaska that he had harpooned two porpoise, both weighing more than 200 pounds, and landed them single handed. Amos went to Alaska waters with the avowed purpose of doing some whaling. His friends opined that he was working up to the grant of the waters gradually.

● We've been told that Shirley Howard, soloist on the "Molle" program at NBC, goes into the \$1000 a week class this month. She will do three broadcasts per week at this figure. And just a few months ago she was a newspaper woman in Philadelphia.

● If you've heard the Irish tenor voice of Danny McGuire on NBC, you'll be interested in the story of his career. In March 1933 he was an unknown, living in poverty on the British Isles. Charles Dean, English composer and drama producer, heard him and brought him to the attention of the public. Danny was headlined in shows put on the British Broadcasting network and received the praises of all England. The London representative of NBC heard him and recommended him to Program Director J. E. Royal. Records of Danny's voice were sent to New York. A special broadcast from England was arranged and the NBC officials listened with interest. They re-



(Above) Don McNeill, NBC announcer, is quite an artist. And in Dorothy Page, NBC contralto, he finds an interesting model. (Above right) Here's some of that boy and girl interest in the "Red Davis" show. They're Johnny Kane and Unice Howard.



Strictly Confidential

Gulf Refining Company, in its series of European broadcasts this summer, featured him on one of its programs. Within a week, NBC in New York had signed Danny. The boy (he is 23 years old) came to New York with Mr. Dean, this being the first trip to American soil for the pair. Within one week he had started his American broadcasts. This is a good example of what radio can do for an unknown person in the short period of one year and four months.

• When Fred Waring and Dorothy McAteer were divorced a few years ago they certainly did not become enemies, as so often happens in such cases. And here's proof that they have remained good friends: Gowns for the Waring singers—Babs Ryan and Priscilla and Rosemary Lane—are purchased from the dress shop Dorothy now operates in Pittsburgh.

• Before returning to the air the first of October, Marge and Marge toured the midwest vaudeville houses with a show of their own. Five months' vacation was too much for them. That's why they became troopers again for a few weeks.

• Red Grange seems destined to become a radio star. He will be headlined on an NBC series beginning late September, with a Milwaukee shoe concern footing the bill. On this program with Galloping No. 77 of Illinois will be Hal Totten, midwestern sportcaster, and Harry Kogen's orchestra. It's a Sunday show with analyzing the previous day's games and making sports prognostications about the following Saturday's tussle.

• When Maj. W. E. Kepner, pilot of the stratosphere balloon, went on the air forty-five minutes after he



Jackson

(Above left) Johnny Green, 25-year-old CBS musical adviser, composer, arranger and conductor, receives RADIO STARS' Award for Distinguished Service to Radio from Editor Curtis Mitchell. (Above) They call themselves the Honey-mooners, Grace and Eddie of NBC.



Lawson

Divas on the diving board. Rosemary Lane, right, and Bobs Ryan play hockey from a rehearsal.

Lawson

out of the sky into a Nebraska farmyard, plenty of listeners wondered how he got to a microphone so quickly since his own transmitter was broken in the crash. Kepner talked into the mouthpiece of an old-fashioned party line telephone at Reuben Johnson's farmhouse near Holdrege. His words were relayed to Grand Island and thence by A. T. & T. wires to radio stations throughout the nation.

● Ruth Etting is thrilled with her new home in Beverly Hills, the first home she has had since she left the farm in Nebraska ten years ago. A rambling bungalow with wing upon wing and "rooms leading into other rooms in a casual way" is the manner in which Ruth describes it.

● It's interesting to note the parting of the "Men About Town," also known as the "Happy Wonder Bakers," to star spots of their own. Phil Dwyer, of course, is still soloing around on "Jack Frost's Melody Moments," the Phillip Morris program and others. Jack Parker is on NBC as the "Tin-Type Tenor." Fraak Luther is hiding behind the title of "Your Lover" on NBC.

● Emulating Neysa McMein and other well-known artists who have found Dorothy Page, comely NBC contralto, a pleasing subject, Don McNeill, who was an art student and newspaper cartoonist before he joined NBC as an announcer, sketches the (Continued on page 98)

THOU SHALT NOT *COVET*

AT LAST it can be told! The most amazing love story in radio. The story of an unusual love that was built on sacrifices, heartaches, honor and loyalty.

For twenty years, Harry Horlick, leader of the A & P Gypsies had to stand by and see the woman he loved married to another man—*his brother!* Had to stand by, silent and miserable, never daring to tell his secret to these two people who meant more to him than anything else in the world. He might have gone on like this forever, hopeless and unhappy, had not Fate taken an odd twist and unravelled the whole tragic situation. It's a strange story, so listen.

Harry Horlick had always been in love with this girl, Fanny. They had known each other since childhood, when they both lived in Tiflis, a romantic town in the shadows of the Caucasian mountains. As children they would "play house" and make believe they were husband and wife. And Leon, Harry's big brother, would stand over them and watch with amused adult tolerance. Leon was Harry's god. You know how important big brothers can be. And in Harry's eyes, Leon, who was about twenty years older and a recognized musician, was the epitome of everything that was perfect.

There they stood, those three, the two children and the big brother. If they could only have foreseen then the peculiar trick Life was to play on them. . . .

"When I grow up," Harry would tell the girl with childish pride, "I'm going to be a famous musician like my

big brother and have a lot of money and then we'll get married." And his playmate, starry-eyed and trustful, believed him.

But it was not to be. The girl's parents had other plans. In those quaint old Russian villages, you know, it was the parents who picked a girl's future husband. And when Fanny reached the age of sixteen, her mate had already been selected. He was the son of their good friend and neighbor, the Horlicks. Oh, not the younger Horlick. He was just a dreamy-eyed youngster who still had to go through many years of study at the conservatory to become a full-fledged musician. No, it certainly wasn't Harry.

It was his older brother, Leon! He was established and successful, and was already concert master of the symphony orchestra in Tiflis. Leon would make a wonderful husband, the parents of both families reasoned.

The marriage plans were arranged. And Harry, when he learned that his little playmate was betrothed to his brother, turned white as a ghost and locked himself up in his room.

And what about Fanny? Well, Russian girls of that time didn't have much to say. They did as their parents bid without question.

So it happened that not many weeks later, Harry watched Fanny walk slowly down an aisle banked with wild mountain flowers, and become the wife of Leon.

Perhaps that heartache was in part responsible for

**By James
Ellwood Jr.**

FOR TWENTY YEARS HARRY HORLICK HAD TO STAND BY, SILENT AND

(Below) Harry Horlick, leader of the A & P Gypsies heard on NBC Mondays.



THY BROTHER'S WIFE

Harry's later success as a great musician. For when he returned to the Tiflis conservatory, he plunged into an unrelenting schedule of work, work and more work. From morning until night he practised on his violin until he had even his professors wondering. It was the only thing that could keep him from thinking. He made such remarkable progress that he received an offer, while still in school, to play in the great symphony orchestra at Moscow—the youngest musician ever to receive such an honor.

THE next few years were a crazy kaleidoscope of horrors and thrills. The rumblings of the Great War was heard. The whole Horlick clan was making haste to move to America. All but Harry. They begged him to go with them, but he refused. He couldn't stand peace and quiet now. He needed excitement, noise and activity to keep his mind off forbidden thoughts.

So promptly he entered the Russian army, defiant and heedless as to the outcome. He didn't care, you see. Fortunately for him, and for us radio-lovers, he emerged alive, his sensitive fingers unharmed.

The Imperial standard fell in Russia and the red flag of the Revolution waved in its place. Harry was captured by the Bolsheviks and brought before the court, a prisoner of the Reds. As he stood before the judge, he saw endless years in Siberia stretching out ahead of him.

"What is your civilian occupation," he was asked.

"A musician."

"Let him play," the judge ordered.

Harry was given a violin, the first one he had touched in over two years. He caressed it lovingly and lured from it sobbing, vibrant notes that echoed his thwarted hopes, his frustrated dreams.

In the end he was sent, not to Siberia, but back to Moscow to play in a symphony orchestra that was being created for a new series of communized opera.

If he had thought that meant freedom, he was to find out differently. Now, he was shut off from those he loved, unable to write or receive word from his family in America. The pay was so small that he was forced to live in poverty. His own musical tastes were curbed for he was forced to play only military pieces, which he disliked intensely. It was almost as bad as prison.

In the dead of one silent night, he escaped. Traveling by night and hiding by day, he finally managed to reach his old home, Tiflis. Friends took him in, fed him and nursed him back to health. When he was well again, he crossed the borderline and entered Constantinople.

There he met other refugee musicians and obtained work in a cafe. But as he played the familiar, old Russian folksongs once more, a flood of memories stabbed his heart, reminding him of those happy days when he played with Fanny and Leon in Tiflis, of his mother and father thousands of miles away in America. A yearning to be with his family again overwhelmed him.

Less than a month later, he was on New York soil, the whole Horlick brood about him, all laughing, crying and embracing. Oh, it was so. (Continued on page 30).

MISERABLE, AND SEE THE WOMAN HE LOVED MARRIED TO ANOTHER

Horlick and his Gypsies. He holds a record among broadcasters, having played for the same sponsors for eleven years.



George Givot

"Greek Ambassador of Good Will"

Here is pictured that bunch of CBS comics headed by George Givot of the Greek accent who has been making ordinary Tuesday evenings extraordinary. All around the page you'll find Ambassador Givot, proprietor of "Acropolis No. 7," giving vent to his many and odd moods. You see him as a thinker, a man-about-town, waiter in his Greek restaurant, and as anything but his natural self. The entire cast, in the top picture, is, from left to right: Givot, Betty Garde, Stephen Fox, Ray Collins, Ethel Remey, Tommy Mack (who talks through his nose) and Jay Ryner.





"Going to Town" with

Ed Lowry



Ed Lowry, singing comedian, was master of ceremonies at the Ambassador Theatre in St. Louis so long that it began to appear as if he were a permanent fixture there. But he managed to get away long enough to give the rest of the nation a sample of his wares before NBC signed him. His supporting cast, pictured above, is, left to right: Tim Ryan, comedian; Lowry; Cal Tinney, sound effects; Newell Chase, pianist; Grace Hayes, soloist; Milton Herman and, in front, Irene Noble, comedienne. All the other faces on this page, put together, give you an idea of Ed Lowry during his off moments.



THIS is a story for every woman who has ever thought, "What would I do if my husband were unfaithful to me?"

Or perhaps you haven't felt that way about it. You lived joyously in the knowledge that your Jim couldn't be unfaithful; he was a one-woman man and had been ever since he laid eyes on you. And then one day like a thunderbolt the knowledge burst upon you, with proof that you could not doubt, that Jim, your curly-head, adorable Jim, had been untrue to you. It seemed as if ice-cold hands clutched at your throat that day. And you cried out, "Oh, my God, what shall I do? Shall I forgive him or is this the end?"

Life once hurled just such a thunderbolt at Julia Sanderson. Once the knowledge that her husband had been unfaithful tore at her heart.

Yes, I know it's a great shock to you to read Julia Sanderson's name in such a connection. You've been made to believe that life began for Julia when she first laid eyes on Frank Crumit in the old Turnverein Hall where they had gone to rehearse "Tangerine." You've read how Julia fell in love with Frank when he sang "Sweet Lady" to her, and you've thought that was the one and only love of her life.

The truth is that Julia met Frank Crumit when she was in her middle thirties, and before that she had experienced two bitter, tumultuous marriages. Twice life flung a challenge to her, and twice she answered with heartbreaking pride, "I will not fight to hold any man!"

This is the untold story of those romances. After reading it, I think you will understand and like Julia Sanderson better than you ever did before. If fate had not handed these bitter challenges to her, if she had not lived through a purgatory of sorrow, Julia Sanderson might be nothing but a sweet, flighty woman. It was unhappiness that made a real person of her, that gave her songs the note of sympathy and understanding which you love.

At seventeen Julia Sanderson was already the toast of New York. She was known as New York's most beautiful actress. When she appeared in a musical comedy, the college boys all came to town. The West Point boys threw their caps into the air at sight of her. The Harvard boys kept her pictures in their lockers. Mash notes poured in by the hundred. Once, after a show, a bouquet of flowers was tossed to her on the stage, and in the bouquet was a diamond necklace with a note telling her to keep the necklace in return for one evening of her company. Julia returned the necklace.

WHEN YOUR HUSBAND CHEATS

WOULD YOU FORGIVE
THE MAN YOU LOVED?
WOULD YOU STRUGGLE
TO HOLD HIM? JULIA
SANDERSON DID NEITHER

By Paul
Meyer

(Left) Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit at their home in Long Meadow, a suburb of Springfield, Mass.

McElhott

Dozens of suitors flocked around Julia Sanderson, but she took none of them seriously, until the day she met Tod Sloan.

Todhunter Sloan was as famous in his way as Julia in hers. Internationally known as a sportsman and a former jockey, he was famous throughout the world as a race track habitue. Love of gambling was in his veins, and he thrilled to a race as other men do to mad music.

WHEN Tod Sloan first laid eyes on Julia Sanderson at the Manhattan Beach Casino where she was appearing in "Wang," he went to his friend, De Wolf Hopper, who was in the same show, and begged for an introduction. But his friend only smiled and said that he couldn't meet Julia unless her mother approved.



Julia and Frank in a playful pose.

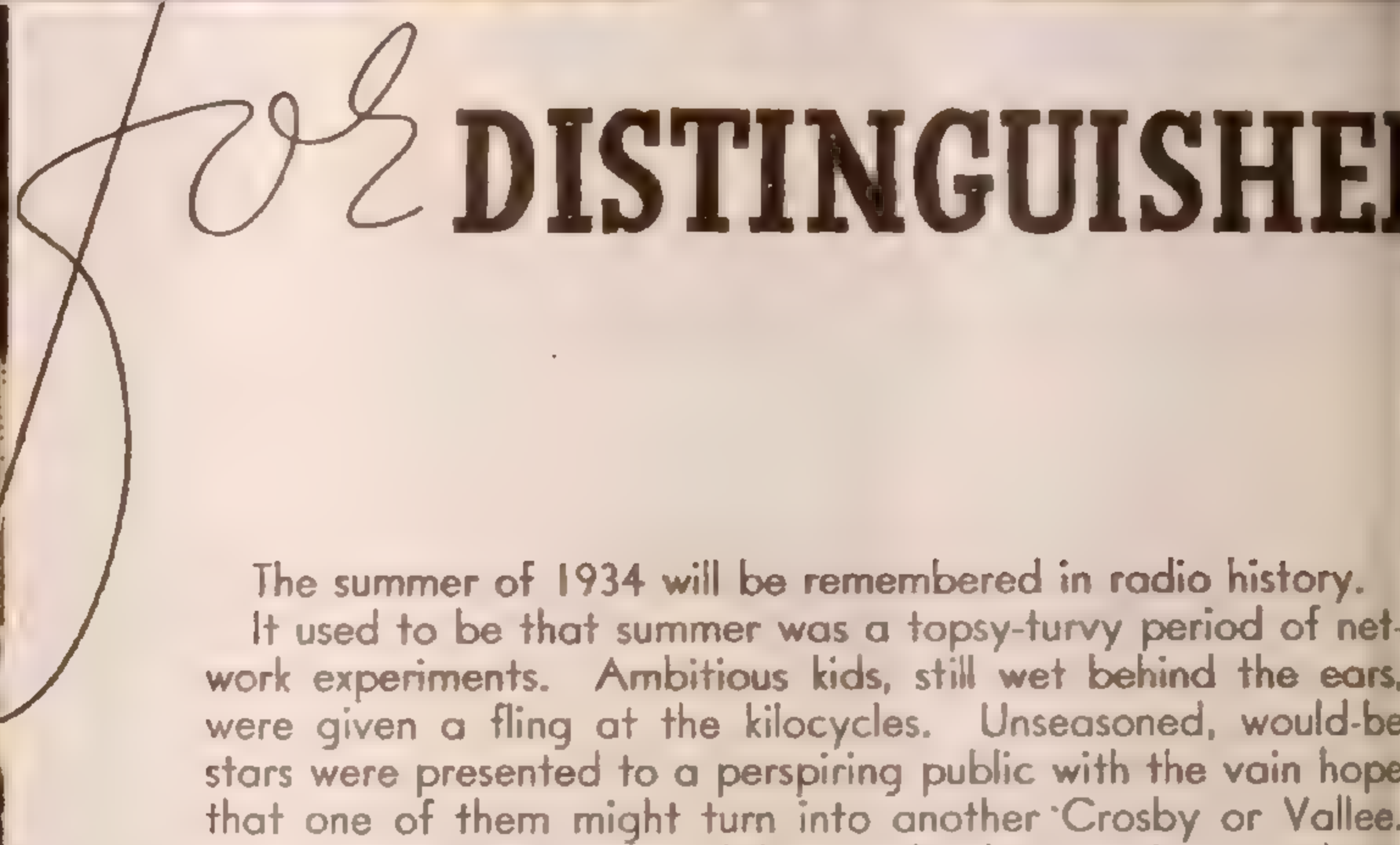
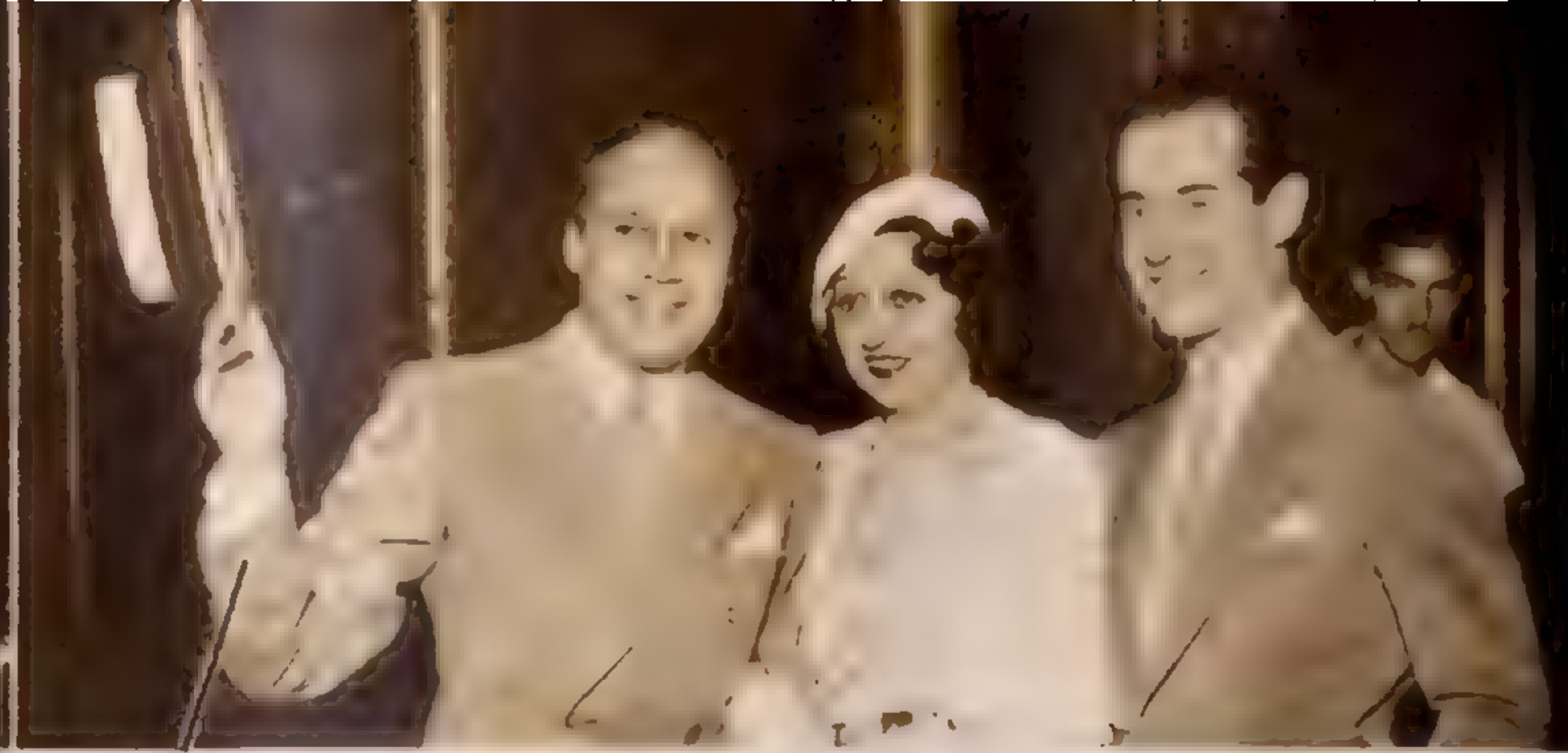
"All right, let him come backstage," laughed Julia's mother. "After all, she'll never see him again."

The chances are that if Julia's mother had known what was really going to happen, she would have put a stop to it then and there. For, like every mother, she wanted happiness for Julia, and she was too wise to dream for a moment that happiness for a girl like Julia could come through a marriage with anyone so worldly-wise as Tod.

But Julia, who had never before known anyone quite like Tod, was fascinated. The following day he brought down his racing auto and took her for a spin over Coney Island Boulevard.

Well, he would give her a thrill, thought Tod. The car whirled faster and faster, until it was making seventy-five miles an hour and looked as if it were headed for certain destruction. It was then that Julia looked serenely up into Tod's flushed face and calmly asked, "Is that the best this machine can do?"

(Continued on page 77)



The summer of 1934 will be remembered in radio history. It used to be that summer was a topsy-turvy period of network experiments. Ambitious kids, still wet behind the ears, were given a fling at the kilocycles. Unseasoned, would-be stars were presented to a perspiring public with the vain hope that one of them might turn into another Crosby or Vallee.

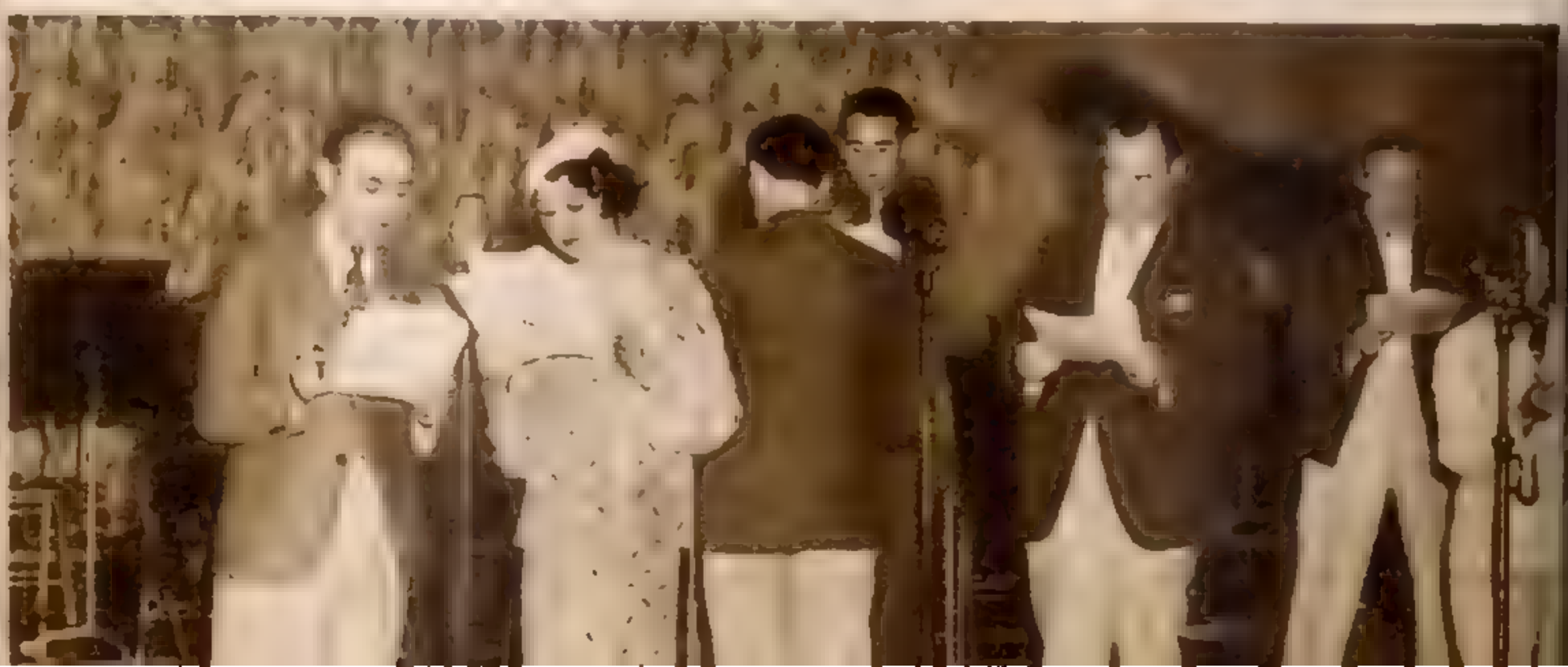
As a result, we listeners did our radio shopping in a catch-as-catch-can manner and defied the loudspeaker to amuse us.

During the summer of 1934, history will recall, the loudspeakers did amuse us. For which we give thanks to as deft a comedian as the business of broadcasting has produced.

That comedian is Jack Benny.

Two years ago, Jack Benny was the most worried man on Broadway. One of the last of the Grandest Canyon's top-hole comedians to go on the air, he found himself faced with the job of creating a completely new air show each week. He admitted frankly to all who were interested that he did not see how he could possibly last more than a month. There were not, he opined, enough funny situations and gags to keep people interested beyond that time. That was two years ago.

Most of the weeks since then, Jack Benny has been on the air with the sort of clean, canny comedy America prefers. He has evolved and perfected his suave method of delivery until he stands alone. Unlike other comedians, he never forces hi





SERVICE *to* RADIO

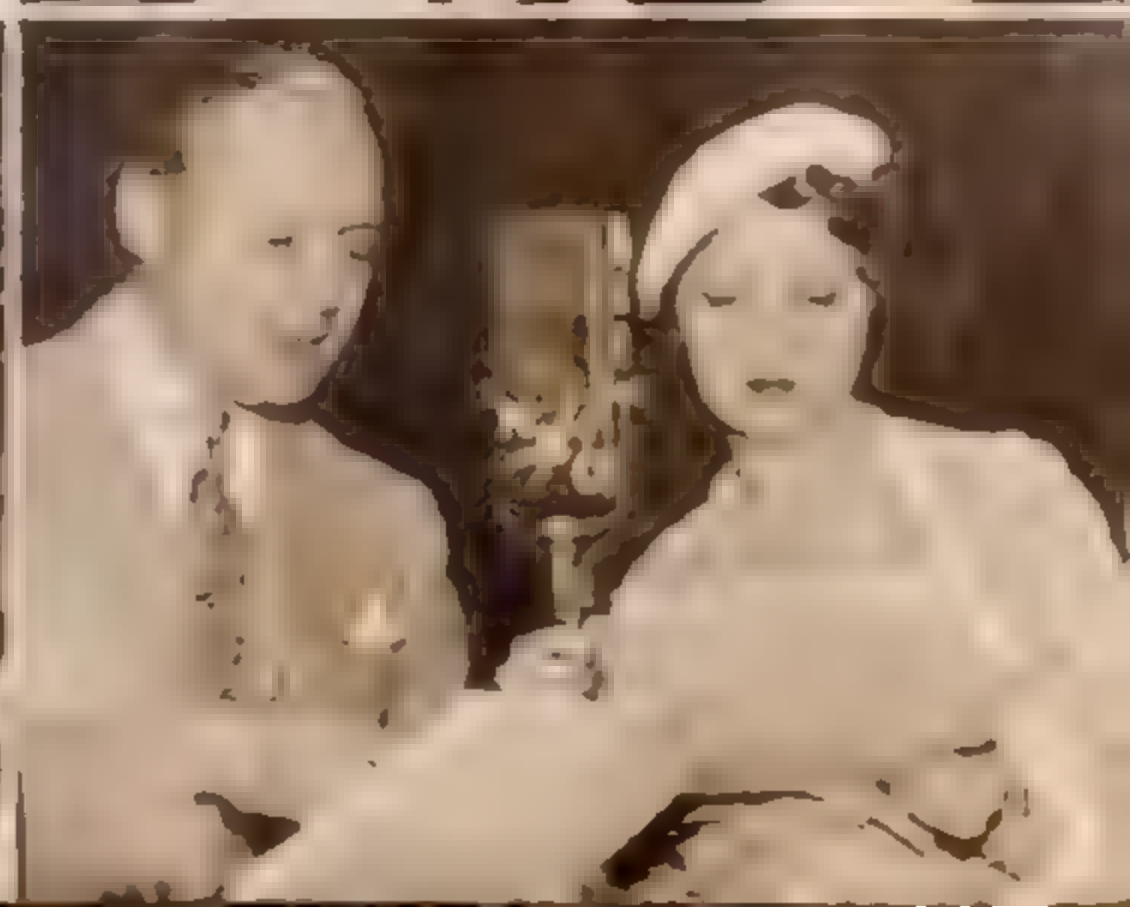


un. One rarely hears him laugh . . . but I laugh and you laugh, which is the important thing to us.

All this past summer, Jack Benny and his deft crew of fun-fashioners have given us a brand of air-conditioned humor we do not usually associate with summer shows. Practically alone, he made the summer almost the brightest season of the year.

Jack Benny, with the assistance of Mary Livingstone and Frank Parker and Don Bestor and Don Wilson, has caused his program to make history. Because of that, RADIO STARS Magazine extends to him its monthly medal of merit, our AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO.

Curtis Mitchell



MOVIE "PROHIBITION!"

By Pare Lorentz

HOLLYWOOD is being "cleaned up." This drive has taken the form of a boycott in some cities and severe local and state censorship in others.

As usual, no one has bothered to tell the cash movie customer what all the shooting is about. The customers thought Mae West was fun. Millions of them made her the biggest box office attraction in pictures. Now the moralists claim she was indecent. Which brings up the point: who runs the movies—the people who pay money for the show—or the moralists?

The moralists claim, of course, that the producers run the movies, implying, in their current drive, that the producers are a low lot of fellows deliberately trying to lower the morals of the nation.

They are wrong. In the first place, the producers only know what the public wants by looking at the record and seeing what they pay money to see.

But the moralists claim the customer has had his taste perverted by Hollywood. Admitting that they are right, which I don't, even then you can't blame the producers. The movies you see aren't made by Hollywood. They are re-made by moralists. Every picture released from Hollywood goes through a whitewash mill. The cash customer doesn't know it, but he is protected from evil by a veritable army of purists.

First, there is the Hays office. All scenarios go through the Elder's hands before a company starts production. Then, while the picture is actually being made, several middle-aged ladies report to Mr. Hays on the purity or evil of the production. The producer doesn't have to change his picture legally, but the women represent dozens of large societies and clubs, and they give him to understand he better had—or else.

After the production is completed, it is shipped to New York where another group of middle-aged experts, representing the D. A. R., The Parent-Teachers Association, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and a dozen other groups, are called in to see the picture and "grade" it. These women report for the National Board of Review which sends out its findings to women's clubs all over the country. You'd think, once the picture

has received this going-over, that it would be ready for the most innocent movie customer.

But it isn't. The producer now has to go up against six legal censor boards, including New York and Pennsylvania, the two biggest theatre states in the union. By law he has to abide by their cuts. Which, as you see, proves that today movies are pre-censored by at least three different agencies. Yet the League of Decency claims pictures are indecent. If so, why blame the theatre owners and producers?



The answer is, we're not dealing with logic. We're dealing with our old friends, the reformers. Maybe you think all the professional reformers died when we repealed prohibition. Maybe you think all the liquor snoopers went off and quietly committed suicide when the bars opened up. They didn't but they're out of work. And the movies are lit.

The cash customer may get annoyed, of course, and stay away from the theatres. But he took prohibition for a long time; he took crooked prize fights, and it's very likely that he can take goo-goo movies.

But the whole situation is goofy. Here we have the most serious drought in the history of the nation, impoverishing the heart of the Middle-West. We have war-crazy dictators sitting across two oceans polishing up their guns and talking under their breaths about one another. We've ten million unemployed and a labor situation that isn't going to get any funnier as time goes on.

And all at once, we find out that the chief trouble with the nation is its movies, and that all we have to do is clean up Hollywood and everything will be hotsy-totsy.

It doesn't make sense but the customer, as usual, probably will take it. He may think he goes to the movies for fun. But now he is going to find out he is wrong . . . he really goes to be up-lifted.

Lud Gluskin, the drummer boy who has kept kings up all night.



Kings **Like it Hot!**

**By Herbert
Westen**



The maestro warming up to his tunes. You can listen to him sizzle over CBS Mondays.

LUD GLUSKIN, whose band you have been hearing on the Ex-Lax hour over Columbia, is a young American who knows more about kings and princes and dukes than all of the diplomats in Europe put together. His calling list is a record-breaker.

He's seen them with their hair down, so to speak, tripping the light fantastic to his American music in the wee small hours of the morning. And what he told me about them over a half a dozen bottles of beer the other afternoon consumed three of the most enjoyable hours I've spent in a coon's age.

Gluskin, a Brooklyn, New York, boy who never had seen a king before, returned with his band last January famous as the American jazz ambassador to Europe, the royal Lombardo to the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, the former kings of Spain and Portugal, the imperial family of Germany, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Connaught, not to mention such commoners as the Baron Rothschilds and the Krupps of Germany.

"The funniest thing I saw over there was a flea jumping out of the fur collar of a duke's coat," he chuckled. "And," he added, reaching for another bottle of beer, "you could have knocked me over with my baton! I never expected anything like that!"

Gluskin today is considered a musical find in radio. Ten years ago he went to Europe unknown, and with the seat all but out of his pants. A poor drummer boy he was. In fact he was destitute. (Continued on page 85)

Gadding About With Our Candid Camera



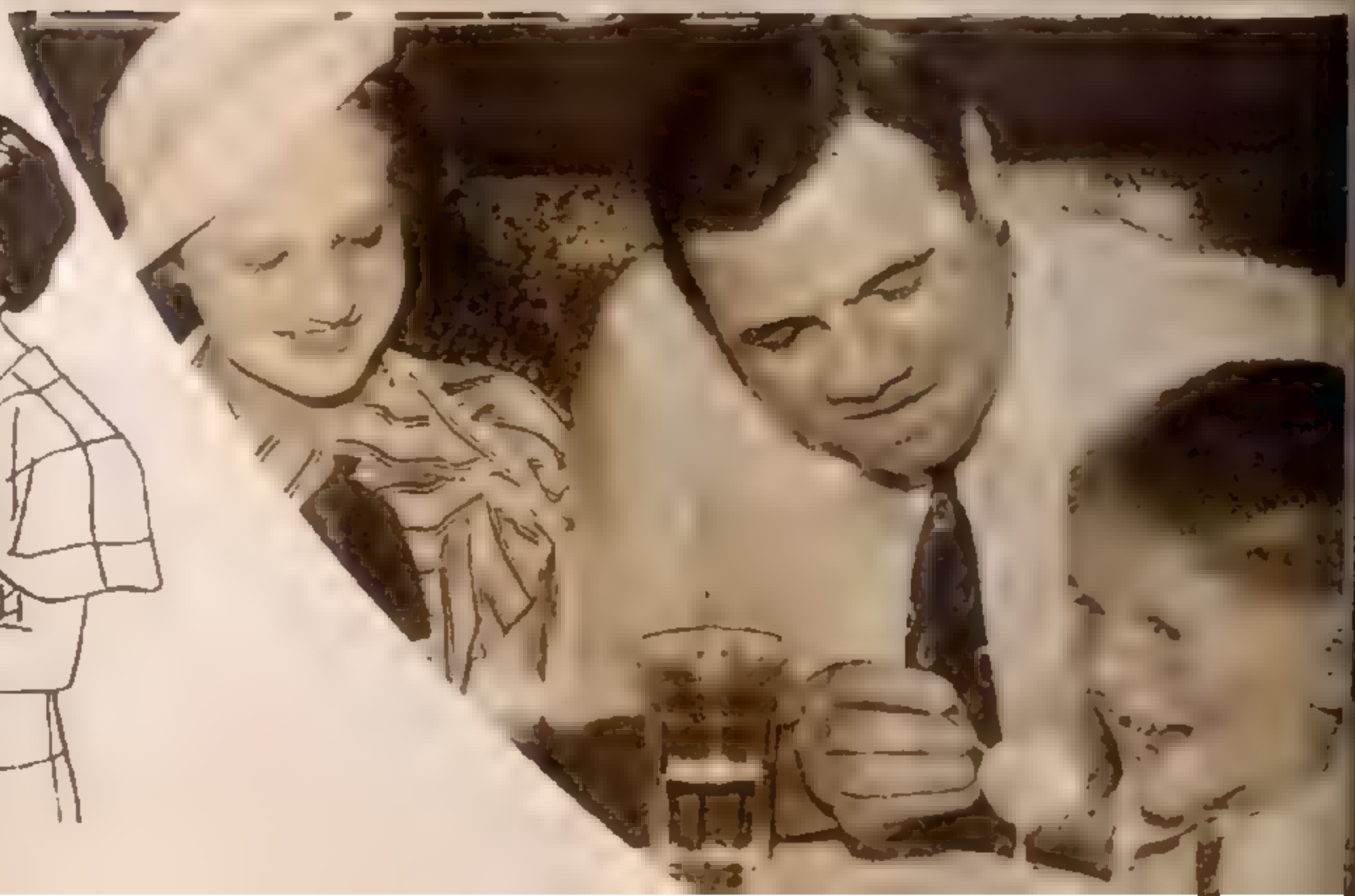
Wide World

Gertrude Berg, who is the Molly Goldberg of radio, with her radio "family," christens an airplane which will fly passengers between Chicago and Kansas City.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dempsey have a baby daughter, and George Jessell and Max Baer, left, and Abe Lyman, right, help him celebrate. (Below) Babe Ruth entertains winners of his radio contest. As you can see, not only the winners enjoyed the party.

Wide World





Wide World

Mme. Ernstine Schumann-Heink, noted singer now on NBC, looks over some messages on her seventy-third birthday.



Wide World

Jessica Dragonette, Cities Service soprano, returns to NBC after a vacation in Ventnor City, N. J., and after her first venture in movie work.



Edward Nell, Jr., baritone, and his wife on the beach. (Below) Frank Crumit, Julia Sanderson and James Montgomery Flagg with the portrait of Frank done by Flagg.

Irene Wicker, "The Singing Lady," visits Mary Pickford of the movies. (Below) Ted Husing is shown ready for a broadcast direct from a fire truck as it raced down New York streets.



Gadding about **with our candid camera**



Conrad Thibault, "Show Boat" baritone, has a good time at the beach.



Uncle Bob Sherwood of CBS's "Dixie Circus" likes his tennis.

Lawson





Tenachert

Voice of Experience, left, visits a friend. (Below) Ruth Etting, Alice White and Phil Baker in movies.



Mr. and Mrs. Jack Denny, left, with Eddie Duchin and his girl friend. (Below) Joe Penner vacationing this past summer, getting ready for a return to the air.

Wide World



Prince Konoye of Japan with June Meredith and Charles P. Hughes of the "First Nighter" program.

Foto-News



Louise King, blonde, is featured soloist with Jules Alberti's band heard over CBS airwaves.

Seymour



Behind the Scenes With

Every day WSM broadcasts the passing of the Pan-American train. See the antenna in the background?



**WSM where
they believe
most folks
are fine and
friendly**

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE . . . historic, romantic . . . quiet and reserved . . . the essence of the sincere hospitality of the grand old South . . . the home of WSM, the 50,000 watt station of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company.

Now there is a station of which radio can be proud. Surely you've heard it; or you've heard about it. It's "Grand Old Op'ry" alone has made the call letters WSM as well known as the NRA.

Like the city in which it stands, WSM lives for the glory of the South. Its aim is to make life a bit brighter for the people of the mountains, to bolster the spirit of the cities.

I wish you could visit its homey studios. You would look out the big windows on the east to see the original home plot of President James K. Polk—to see the ground where once lay the body of that great man. You would visit studio "A" and there look out over WSM's neighbors on the north—the big war memorial building. And on the west, the state's capitol on a hill, with its towering dome and the nation's flag rippling in the soft breeze. You would relive the history of your early classroom days.

That is the home of WSM, a station of traditions, the

home of one great big happy family of entertainers.

Yes, one big family. Not related, but might as well be. Yet perhaps they work together better than if they were.

Look at Harry Stone, the manager. There he sits at his big desk handling the business of the station. But do you think he is satisfied to do only that? Not Harry Stone. You'll find him standing in studios announcing programs just like any other Tom or Dick. And that grand old guy, George D. Hay, he's the chief announcer, director of publicity and the ex-manager of the station. But that's not all. On Saturday nights you'll find him playing the part of the "Solemn Old Judge" on the "Grand Old Op'ry" program. And he's the main character in "Howdy Judge." Lots of work, you say, but still he has time to write continuity and to even write and publish books.

Have you ever heard Miss Christene Lamb who has the entrancing contralto voice which twice won for her the semi-finals in the nation-wide Atwater Kent auditions? Well, maybe you didn't know it, but she is also the studio's hostess. And if you've ever received a letter from WSM, the chances are that she wrote it.

But you will want to know more about this station

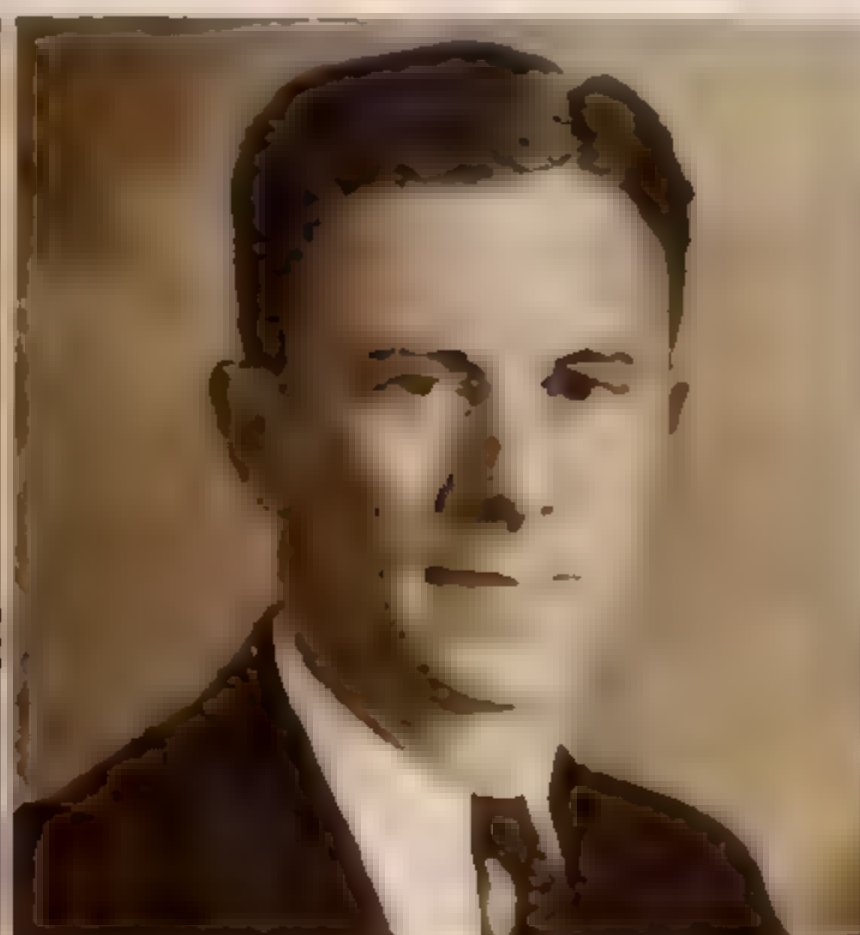
DID YOU KNOW THAT WSM IN NASHVILLE HAS THE HIGHEST RADIO TOWER

America's Great Stations

Lasses White's minstrels. Lasses on the right and Honey, his partner, left. (Below) Going places.

David Stone, WSM announcer. (Below) His brother, Harry, manager of the station and announcer.

Arthur "Tiny" Stowe, minstrels interlocutor. (Below) George D. Hay.



By Cecil B. Sturges

that operates on a policy of friendliness and good-will.

Back in 1925, E. W. Craig, vice-president of the National Life and Accident Insurance Company, conceived the idea that his company should have a station. It wouldn't be a commercial station, but merely one to foster good-will. It was a hard job convincing all the other vice-presidents and department heads that the company needed a radio station, but the job was done.

Everything was set for the station to open October 5, 1925. Nashville was all a-buzz with excitement. Its people were wondering what this 1000 watter would give them.

THAT evening at 6:30 o'clock the transmitter was turned on. From headphones out in the mountains and there in the city came the music of a concert orchestra. For an hour and a half it continued. Then the station was silent. Like a Broadway drama, it was having its intermission. After all, farmers had to attend their chores. Housewives had to put the children to bed. That done, Tennessee again picked up the headphones at 9:30 o'clock for the second act. It was a gala studio program, a parade of the best talent the city could afford. "And a dern

good program," commended an old-timer to me recently. It lasted until 10:30, and Tennessee went to bed knowing that WSM was an established station.

Don't think for once that Rudy Vallee started this business of guest stars on programs. WSM had one that very first night. He was George D. Hay who came down from WLS in Chicago to make WSM's opening announcements. Sometimes a guest appearance on Rudy's program means a permanent job for the artist. But that's nothing new. Hay's appearance on WSM led to his engagement as the station's manager. And later to the establishment of his character, "The Solemn Old Judge," a national favorite. Even today, to people who know him, he's "The Judge" or "Judge Hay."

In September, 1928, WSM had its first commercial programs. Just think—three full years without a paid program. But WSM wanted it to be that way. Advertisers had been purposely turned away. Isn't that a novelty as compared to present day broadcasting when men think in terms of "Who can we get to buy programs" even before they decided to build a station? But as I told you before, WSM was established as a good-will station. It wanted to meet its (Continued on page 91)

IN THE WORLD? AND THAT ONE OF ITS PROGRAMS LASTS FOUR HOURS?

Behind the Scenes With

WSM Is

Of Its "Grand

(Above) Uncle Ed Poplin and his hill billy band appear on the "Opry." (Below) Here's the entire cast. In front, left to right, Harry Stone, station manager; Tiny Stowe, continuity writer; and George M. Hay, "the Solemn Old Judge."

YOU would think that WSM, one of the South's greatest stations and producer of many of the country's outstanding programs, would do anything but shock its listeners. But it did shock them!

One Saturday night in November, 1925, WSM shocked those listeners no end. It dared to present a brand of lowdown, foot-thumping, hog wallow rhythm such as had never before ruptured the placid air of Tennessee. Whoever heard of putting on such bands as "The Gully Jumpers," "The Clod hoppers," "The Fruit Jar Drinkers," "The Possum Hunters" and a score or more of such hill billy acts? People called their music hoe-down, or, as the mountain folk said, "just plain ordinary fiddlin'."

"That's awful!" Nashville people complained the next morning.

"You can't put that stuff on the air," local business men told George M. Hay, then WSM station manager who originated the show and acted as its master of ceremonies.

It put Hay in a predicament. "We'll try it one more Saturday," he argued. "Then we'll decide what to do."

The following Saturday the WSM transmitter rolled another serving of fiddlin' across the quivering hills of Tennessee. And spread it on thicker.

"It's outrageous," Nashville protested vociferously.

Loud though their protests were, remarkably enough they went unheard. I'll tell you why. Letters rolled like a cloudburst out of those Tennessee hills, lauding the program as picturing the life of honest, everyday people. Hay even received letters from city folk in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis, and Atlanta confessing that they appreciated old-time fiddlin' and wanted more.

Of course the program continued. At that time, it was an hour show featuring Uncle Jimmy Thompson eighty-three-year-old fiddle player of the hills who was greatly disturbed because he couldn't stretch it to two or three hours, and Judge Hay. I'll tell you more about them later.

Today it is a four-hour show, extending from 8 o'clock in the evening until midnight.

In those days business men hated to admit they liked it. Now they are standing in line waiting an opportunity to buy time on this program to advertise their products, and they're willing to pay double the usual price.

THE cause of all this commotion was the show which we now know as "The Grand Old Opry."

The story of how that name originated is fascinating. At 7:30 o'clock one Saturday night, while people around WSM were waiting for the barn dance program to go on the air, George Hay and his associates were listening to a program over the NBC network by Dr. Walter Dam-

(Below) Miss Christine Lamb, contralto and hostess of the station. She has won several national contests.

(Below) Joseph Macpherson, concert baritone who went from WSM to the Metropolitan Opera.



LISTENERS AT FIRST WERE SHOCKED BY THIS NASHVILLE STATION

America's Great Stations

Proudest Old Opry

rosch and the New York Symphony Orchestra. They heard Dr. Damrosch say, "While we think that there is no place in the classics for realism, nevertheless I have a manuscript here before me sent in by a young composer in Iowa depicting the onrush of a locomotive."

That gave Hay an idea. Of course he didn't tell his associates. He waited until the barn dance music had started and then he took his stand before the microphone.

"Folks," he drawled, "this program tonight will be nothing but realism. We're going to play and sing songs that are real—that shoot close to earth." Then beckoning to DeFord Bailey, little colored boy of the program, he continued, "Bailey, I want you to come over to the microphone and play your harmonica. I want you to give your realistic interpretation of the onrushing locomotive. Come on up."

Bailey gave an interpretation that was so realistic that the Judge was prompted to say, "Now folks, you gotta admit that sounded real. Dr. Damrosch played a number like this with a big symphony orchestra a few minutes ago. And he said it couldn't be called a classic. Well, I guess not. And our program can't be called an opera. But folks, I don't see why we can't call it 'opry'."

Whereupon and thereafter the program became "The Grand Old Opry." The name stuck and is known throughout the United States and several foreign lands.

That's exactly what the program is—"opry." Folk music of the hills—realism.

If you tune it in some Saturday, you'll hear those "Clod-hoppers," "Gully Jumpers," "Fruit Jar Drinkers," and 240 minutes more of such hay-seed novelties.

YES, WSM spreads it on thick and is proud of it. This is the program that has brought the station, rich in southern tradition, the unofficial title of "America's friendly station." Its admirers number millions.

I said I'd tell you about Uncle Jimmie Thompson, the eighty-three-old fiddler on those opening programs. Uncle Jim is dead now, died knowing that he had helped start something which would go down in radio history, but still complaining because he couldn't play longer than one hour. Henry Ford called Melhe Dunham of Maine America's champion fiddler. But when Uncle Jim challenged Dunham to a fiddling match, the Ford choice turned down the challenge.

Uncle Jim would be proud if he knew that this four-hour program now employs sixty people at five dollars and up per hour; that as many as 53,000 letters have been received by the station in response to one program; that sponsors pay double and more. (Continued on page 92.)

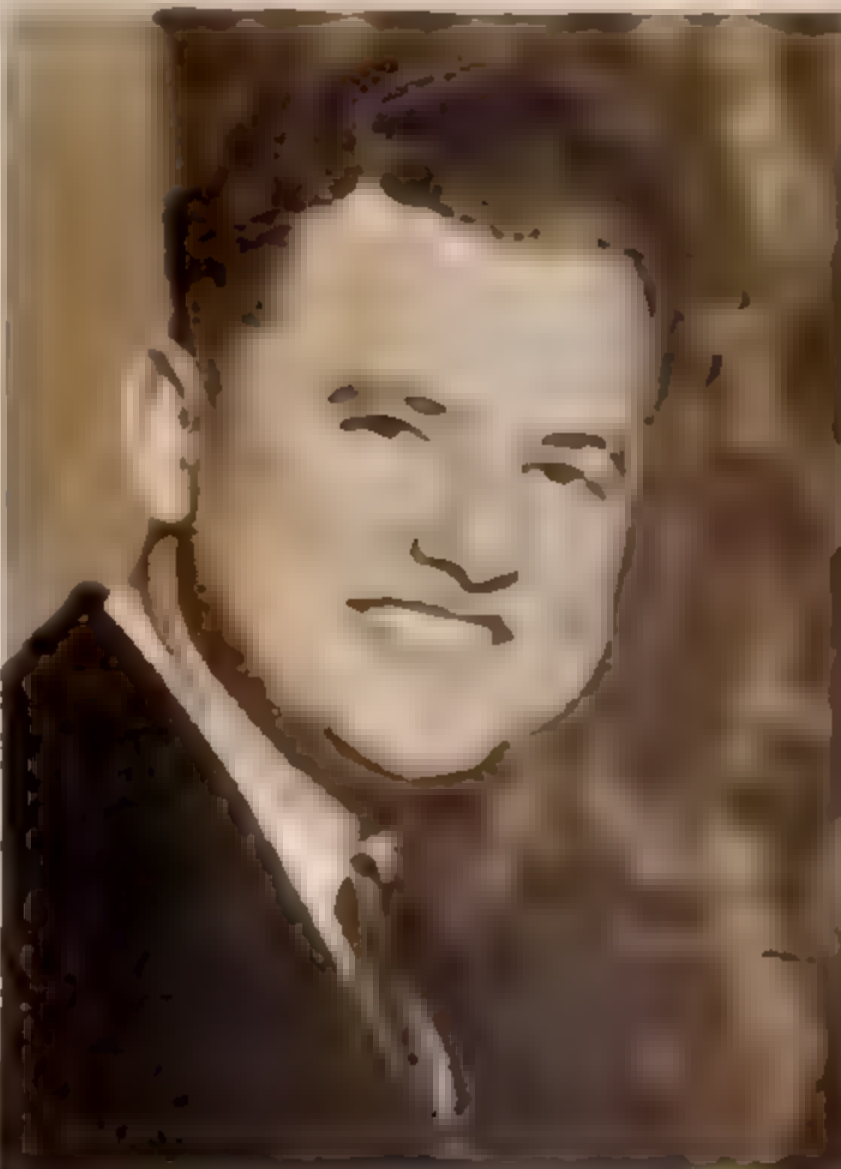


(Above) Francis Craig, left, and his orchestra with Alpha Louise Morton, right, soloist, give listeners dance fare. (Below) WSM's kitchen, from which food talks are broadcast before an audience.



(Below) Asher Sizemore sings with Little Jimmie, his young son, on the "Opry." A guitar is his accompaniment.

(Below) When it comes to popular songs, WSM gives the job to June Moody, who knows her rhythms.



NOW THE CAUSE OF THAT SHOCK IS A PROGRAM THEY ALL PRIZE



"As a fisher-
man you're
good boy
leader," says
Lee Belmont
to Frankie
Masters.



Jan Garber (trying to
break the man's leg) and
his band boys at Catalina
Island.

CBS photos by Lawson and McEllen



Ruth Etting
and Gus
Arnheim, the
maestro, ap-
pear on a
coffee pro-
gram in the
West.

The

**By Nelson
Keller**



Here's Al
Kavelin of
CBS at work.
Carmen is at
the piano
and Cole
Coleman is
the singer.



Dick Himber
directs his
Studebaker
Champions.
That's an-
nouncer Da-
vid Ross on
the left.

WHAT IS a radio program without a band? Nothing certainly—unless, of course, the program is dramatic. Even then, a band is usually hired for theme music and to play short phrases to indicate a change in scene of the play. Then, too, bands are the salvation of the sheet music business. Singers may introduce a song, but it takes the constant plugging by late night bands to start the public humming the tune. And, of course, the orchestra world is the foundation of the recording business.

All of which means that the big name bands of the U. S. are coming back to the front this fall. No matter where you dial, you'll be hearing the biggest collection of maestros that has ever before paraded over the mike.

The Band Box salutes the bands, the corner stone of the music world.

DON BESTOR has renewed the contract of his vocalist, Neil Buckley, for another year.

"LE VOIE LACTE," the number you have been hearing Leon Belasco play, is a composition of Leon's brother Jacques Dallin.

THAT NEW song, "Say It," which Phil Harris' band introduced, is the creation of Buzz Adlam, sax tooter in the Harris orchestra. He's the fellow, you know, who wrote "The House Is Haunted."

JOEY NASH, who helps to make those Richard Himber broadcasts more enjoyable with his singing, is in a bad way, to hear him tell it. Something is always the matter with him, physically speaking. Those who know him best say he spends a fortune on doctor bills. But the odd part of it is, there is nothing the matter with him. He merely lives in terror that something will happen, and believes in prevention.

DEL CAMPO is the latest singer to turn band leader.



(Above) Pedro Via, pointing to the record, and his orchestra play for NBC and R.C.A. Victor recordings. (Right) Here is a rare picture of Reggie Childs of CBS in action on the dance floor.

BAND BOX

BANDS GALORE—ALL KINDS, ALL SIZES—CROWD THE WINTER AIR

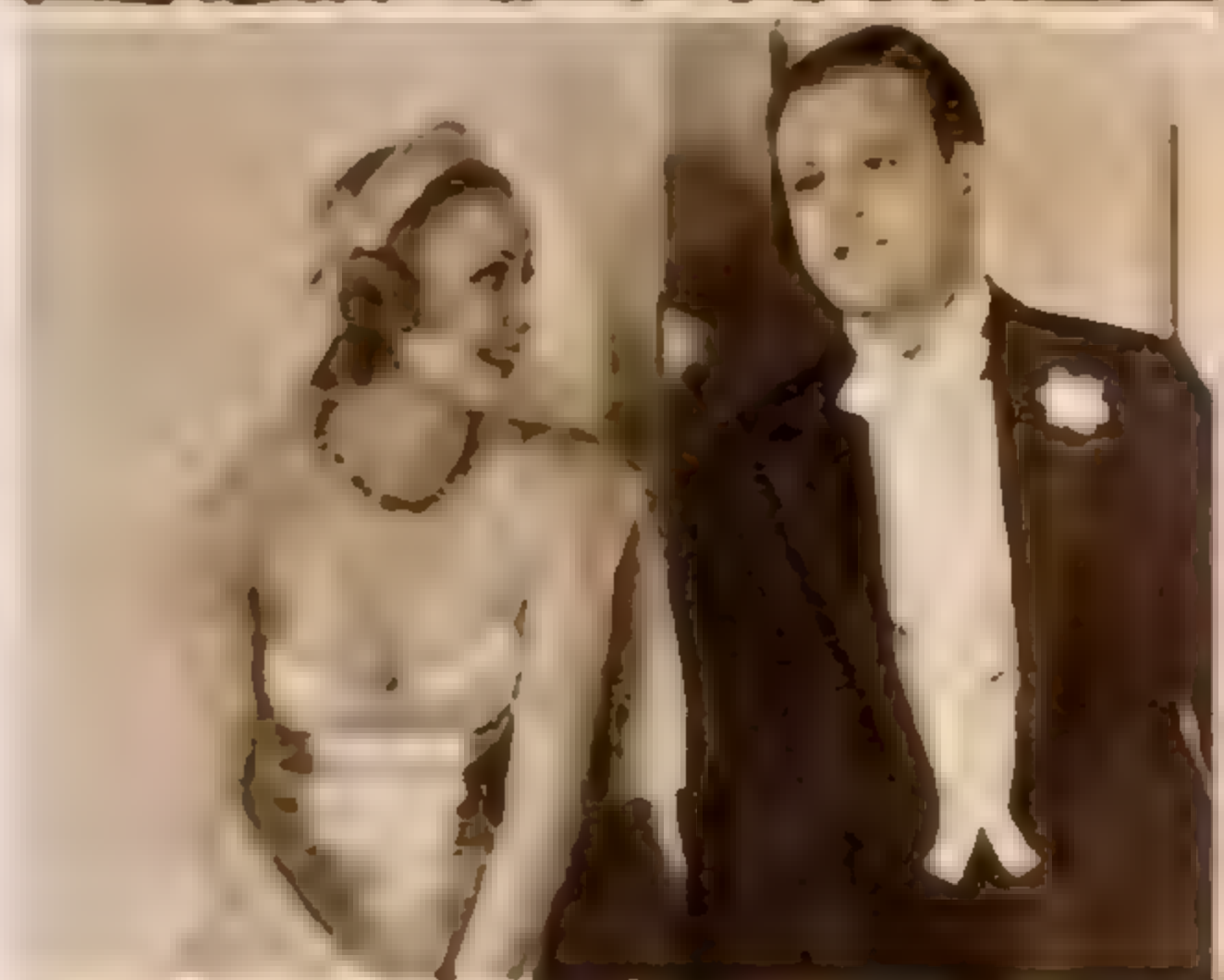
First winter CBS had him warbling. The Hotel Roosevelt now has him batoning. Del debuted in radio three years ago this month via KFI-NBC from the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles.

JOHNNY GREEN, always on top of the heap when it comes to new ideas, is doing the musical score for the new London productions which will definitely present the American idea of popular music. London got a taste of Green's compositions last year and liked it. Hence the new offer. That Green is only twenty-five years old, makes it more unusual.

JOE REICHMAN, orchestra leader, came to New York from St. Louis, and within three weeks had garnered seven CBS spots.

BACH, Beethoven and Brahms were given a day off recently when members of the Chicago Symphony orchestra and the Detroit Symphony crossed bats in Grant Park, Chicago, near the Fair where both orchestras have been heard all summer via NBC and CBS respectively. Challenged by Chicago, the Detroiters, who already held the Michigan City title, were quick to accept. A cordon of World's Fair policemen surrounded the diamond during the play to bar such possible ringers as Banjoist Charlie Grimm, Concert-Pianist Mark Koenig, Sax Player Huey Cochrane and Guitarist Tuck Stanback. Three fingered Mordecai Brown, famous oldtime pitching ace, refereed the contest. The game was broadcast over both networks, Hal Totten sounding off for NBC and Pat Hanagan for CBS. Dr. Gustave Ronfort, CBS organist, who served as organist in the Vatican under Pope Leo XIII, interpreted the play with appropriate music. Detroit came off victorious, the score being sixteen to fifteen. Points, not half notes. (Continued on page 77)

Gloria Stuart and Gene Austin, the orkster, as they will appear in the movie "Gift of Gab."



At New York's Roseland Ballroom it's Gene Kardos and his band. They are on CBS.

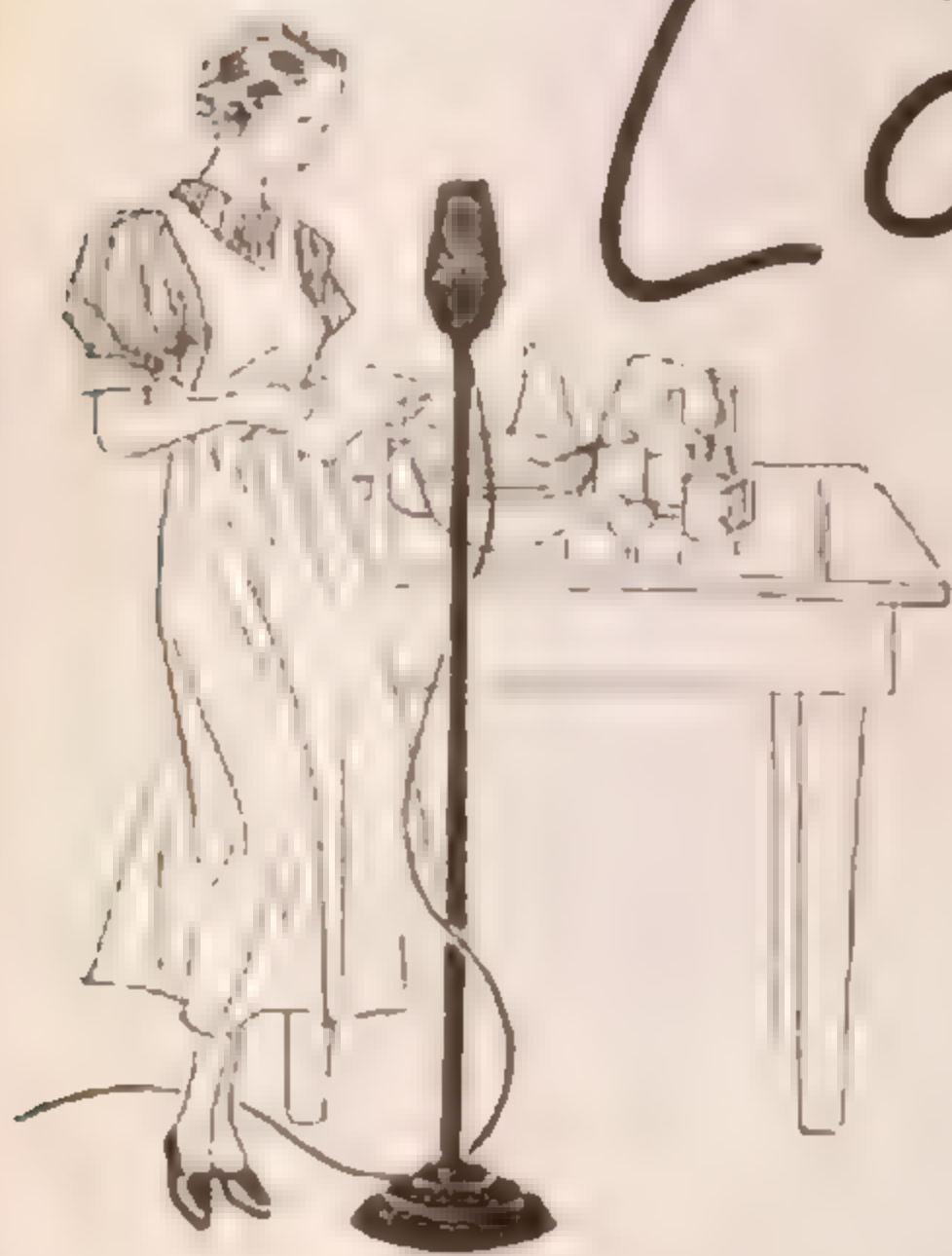


Ferde Grofe has a grand time directing for CBS. His vocalist does a bit of vocaling.



RADIO STARS

Cooking SCHOOL



RECIPES USING THE KING OF FRUITS ARE
FAVORITES OF THE QUEENS OF THE AIR

By Nancy Wood

GREETINGS, Friends and Radio Fans:

This is Nancy Wood speaking and bringing to you the first broadcast of the RADIO STARS Cooking School, a regular monthly feature. Through this new department you will discover the food preferences of well-known stars of the air and you will be able to secure recipes for their favorite dishes. Then, too, you will be given helpful suggestions and information which will enable you to follow these recipes with great ease and unfailingly good results. In order further to guarantee the success of your culinary efforts, I promise never to give you a recipe—no, no matter how good it sounds—until I have tested it in my own test kitchen. And furthermore, you will find that the necessary ingredients will be listed in the order in which they are used and that directions for combining these ingredients will be simple and concise, as well as accurate.

Now that I have introduced myself and have briefly described the aims and ideals of the RADIO STARS Cooking School, I take great pleasure in presenting our guests the Boswell Sisters, Connie, Vet and Martha, in a little skit on apples. If we had an orchestra I suppose it would be playing, softly, "When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy," with the Boswells coming in on the chorus, but you'll just have to imagine that, for we are in a hurry to get to the Boswell's charming New York apartment

where you can visualize your scribe in the act of discerning the favorite desserts of those three famous sisters. I felt I was treading on safe territory in asking the girls about desserts for they are all three of them, so sure that they can confess to a sweet tooth without bringing up dire thoughts of calories and reducing exercises!

"We are, all of us, very fond of apple desserts," Connie replied in answer to my question, curling up into the corner of the davenport in the large sunny living room. "That reminds me of a startling joke in the family," she went on, with a grin for Martha and Vet who had come in just at that moment. "We decided recently that we turn over to Betty, our maid, the responsibility of planning our meals. She has been with us two years and therefore knows pretty well what we like and how to like it prepared. We did mention, however, that we were particularly fond of apples. I suppose that struck a responsive note in her thrifty German soul for when we went in to our first Betty-planned meal we were pleased to find a rich apple sauce accompanying the meat course. We were a trifle surprised and not quite as pleased to find Waldorf salad as the next course (that's apples to you know—combined with celery). And we were speechless with laughter when the dessert turned out to be an apple pie!"

"That was carrying our love (Continued on page 64)"

Florida Graham Crackers



(Right) "Many hands make light work" sing Connie, Vet and Martha in the cheery Boswell kitchen. (Left) Cracker crust, apple filling, whipped cream topping is Vet's famous pie.

Wide World



keep young and *Beautiful*

By *Carolyn* Belmont

**JEANNIE LANG OWES HER
PEP AND SPARKLE, NOT TO
HERSELF NOR TO HER PUB-
LIC, BUT TO HER TUB. NO, IT
ISN'T A GAG—READ ON!**

THE LADIES in the picture are all Jeannie Lang. Yes, the same Jeannie Lang who hopped from her tub at 7:30 a. m. and by 9 was posing for the pictures you see decorating this page. Lovely, aren't they? And so early in the morning at that. So you see for yourself that she's not fooling when she says if you want to keep young and beautiful then start right now to take lots and lots of baths. All kinds of baths—plain and fancy, hot and cold.

Not only are baths beautifying, but health-giving and—exciting. Listen to the trimmings that can turn bathing from a necessity into a heavenly splash: soaps, all kinds, sizes, shapes, colors and scents. Bath powders, salts and crystals. You can even get liquid bath salts and compressed tablets, which are excellent to carry traveling. All these soften the water and perfume the skin.

After the tub, there is no end of things which you can do to your skin to keep it velvety smooth and achieve that subtle aura of fragrance, for there are dusting powders and talcums galore. They come in various shades, too, to suit the skin. Choose a fragrance to match that of the bath, or not, as you like. But take care that there is no clash in scents. If you stick to the florals exclusively, you are pretty safe, as there is seldom any disagreeable contrast.

But Jeannie doesn't favor dusting powders only. By no means. Colognes and toilet waters make for an invigorating rub-down, at the same time assuring dainty freshness for hours.

For those who like it, bath oils are beneficial to the skin. You who have dry skin should always use these or a good cream after bathing.

The fragrance of perfumes, if used sparingly after the bath, will last. (Continued on page 37)





Jackson

DO-RE-MI—THEY DO
THINGS ON A LARGE
SCALE AS WE DO
OUR PROGRAMS

The Do-Re-Mi Tri
is heard on bot
NBC and CBS net
works. Here they ar
all dolled up in thei
Sunday best.

Programs Day By Day

SUNDAYS

(October 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th.)

- 9:00 A.M. EST (½)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio. WFAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 9:00 EST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. Children's program. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WQAM, WDRO, WGST, WPD, WICC, WDOD, WBNS, WLBW, WGLC, KLRA, WREC, WLAC, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, WMAS, WSJS, WORC. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 9:00 EST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus. Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 9:30 EST (¼)—Trio Romantique. WFAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EST (½)—Southernaires Quartet. Melodies from Dixie. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EST (½)—Church of the Air. WABC and a Columbia network.
- 10:00 EST (½)—Sabbath Reveries. Dr. Charles L. Goodell. Mixed quartet. WFAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:00 EST (5 min.)—News Service. WFAF, WJZ and NBC red and blue networks. Station list unavailable.
- 11:05 EST (25 min.)—Morning musicale. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:30 EST (1)—Major Bowes Capitol Family. Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, ten.; The Guardsmen; male quartet; symphony orchestra, Waldo Mayo, conductor. WFAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:30 EST (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAU, WNAC, WGR, WJAS, WEAN, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM,

Dawggone it!

Just as we were doing our best to confuse, here someone's changed daylight saving time back to standard.

But we'll fix you. We'll do a little explaining. The number or fraction in parentheses indicates the duration of the program.

We recommend you circle in pencil the station you can hear best. Underline the one you can hear second best. Then if you have no luck, kick the radio three times, tear your hair frantically and rush from the room screaming at the top of your lungs.

- WDRO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KLZ, WLBW, KTRH, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WDBJ, KSL, WTOC, KSCJ, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WKBN. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 12:30 P.M. EST (1)—Radio City Concerts; Symphony Orchestra; Chorus; Soloists. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 12:30 P.M. EST (¼)—Tito Gular's Midday

Serenade. (Brillo Mfg. Co.)

- WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAU, WNA, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKL, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WH, WCAN, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFB, WSPD, WJSV, WMAS, WORC.
- 1:00 EST (½)—Church of the Air. WABC, WOKO, WCAU, WAAB, W, CKLW, WDRC, KMBC, WHAS, W, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQ, WDRO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, W, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WLB, WGLC, KLRA, WREC, WISN, W, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, K, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KSCJ, W, CFRB, KTUL, WMT, WWVA, K, WSJS, WORC, WNA, WKBN, W, WDNC, WHK, CKAC, WHP, KDB, KTB, KOIN. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 1:30 EST (½)—The Sunday Forum. I Ralph W. Sockman. Music and male qu tet. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Stati list unavailable.
- 1:30 EST (½)—Mary Small, juvenile singer William Wirges Orchestra; guest artists (B. T. Babbitt and Co.) WFAF, WTAG, WJAR, WFI, WFB, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WSAI, WTA, WEEI, WMAQ, WCSH, WRC, W, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF.
- 1:45 EST (¼)—Pat Kennedy with Art Kas and His Kassel's in the Air Orchest (Paris Medicine Co.) WABC, WCAU, WNAC, WKBW, WBB, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WFB, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMO, WSPD, WJSV, WPT, KRLD, K, WCCO, WDSU, KSL, WMT, WCS, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KSL, KLF, KVL.
- 2:30 EST (½)—Lazy Dan, the Minst Man, with Irving Kaufman. (Boyle Fic Wax.) WABC, WADC, WCAU, WNAC, WKB, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCA, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WJSV, WGS, WBT, WCAH, KRLD, KLZ, WCC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBG, WFF.

(Continued on page 72)



SHE HAS SCALED 90 MAJOR PEAKS! Slender, but a marvel of endurance and energy, Miss Georgia Engelhard says: "When people tell me of being tired out, or lacking 'pep,' I don't know of better advice to give than, 'Get a lift with a Camel.'"

YOU'LL ENJOY

this thrilling response in your flow of energy!

Miss Georgia Engelhard, champion woman mountain climber, knows what it is to need energy... quickly. In light of the recent scientific confirmation of the "energizing effect" in Camels, note what Miss Engelhard says:

"Mountain climbing is great sport, but it taxes your stamina to the limit. Plenty of times up there

above the timber line, within a short climb of the goal, I have thought, 'I can't go another step.' Then I call a halt and smoke a Camel.

"It has been proved true over and over that a Camel picks me up in just a few minutes and gives me the energy to push on."

There is a thrilling sense of

well-being in smoking a Camel and feeling a quick, delightful increase in your flow of energy.

You'll like Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Mild—but never flat or "sweetish"—never tiresome in taste. You'll feel like smoking more. And with Camels, you will find that steady smoking does not jangle the nerves.

CAMEL'S
Costlier Tobaccos
never get on
your Nerves



Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT
with a Camel!"

Copyright 1934, R. J. REYNOLDS Tobacco Company



Sunny yellow **TABLE DISHES** *you can use in the* **OVEN, too!**

OVENSERVE is its name. It's a lovely soft yellow in color. And every last piece of it—even the cups, saucers and plates—is built to stand oven heat. There have never been double-use table dishes like these before.

You can bake a pie in the pie plate, for example... and pop it happily from oven to table. You can use the little shallow shirred egg dishes, the cute one-handed French serving casseroles, the platters, bowls and all the rest of these pretty table dishes for baking custards and meat loaf, creamed dishes, desserts or what have you. Out they come from the oven, onto the table they go.

Saves washing pots. And the dishes themselves have a high glaze that nothing sticks to. No scraping, no scouring necessary.

Note also their convenient shapes and sizes... handy for parking things in the refrigerator.

Price? Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. Buy OvenServe by the piece or in sets.

.

HAM and CAULIFLOWER BAKE

1 small cauliflower (cooked)
1½ cups cracker crumbs
1½ cups cooked ham (chopped)
Salt and pepper
3 tbsps. butter 1¾ cups milk

Separate cauliflower into flowerets. But-

ter OVENSERVE round baking dish and arrange alternate layers of crackers, cauliflower, ham. Season, dot with butter and pour milk over all. Bake in a hot oven (425° F) 25-30 minutes. Lift dish direct from oven to table.



You can lift OvenServe dishes out of the hot oven with a damp cloth, if you like. They won't crack. You can set them down, hot from the oven, on an ice-cold surface or a wet one... they'll stand it.



OVENSERVE

SOLD AT 5c, 10c and \$1.00 STORES

Any Other Man Would Have Died

(Continued from page 27)

Immediately he began to cast around for a different way of doing things. A few years later in another little movie house in Carbondale he put on the first motion picture prologue or presentation.

THE picture was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the prologue consisted of a few singers recruited from the village choir rendering southern plantation melodies in blackface. It was such a sensation that it ran for a week. From that humble beginning came the lavish motion picture house prologue which we know today.

Of the giants in the entertainment industry who came from those operators of the nickelodeons, Roxy alone kept artistry as his first interest. Others, like Adolph Zukor and William Fox, drifted into the financial end. But Roxy, the fighting dreamer, remained always on the firing line of showmanship.

Eventually the country boy, the small town theater owner who had done the startling things, came back to New York. He first took over the Regent Theatre, where he gave his ideas further trial.

Then as the motion picture came into its own, he moved uptown. Roxy became the man who changed the landscape of Broadway and claimed it in the name of the New Art, driving the legitimate stage to the side streets.

The history of the motion picture theatres is his history. When a bigger and finer theatre came along, Roxy was always at the head of it.

First the Strand, then the Rivoli, the Rialto, then the Capitol, and finally what is now known as the Old Roxy. It seemed a superb triumph at the time to have the largest theater in the world bearing his name. But the world moves and Roxy moved with it.

Then the idea of Radio City was born. It was a projection so far into the future that at the time of its conception it seemed almost fantastic. It was to be a television center, planned for developments yet but dimly glimpsed. And what was more natural than that the Rockefeller and RKO interests should look to Roxy, acknowledged the greatest showman in the world, for aid, counsel and management?

IT seemed a more magnificent dream than Roxy had ever imagined. With all his volatile enthusiasm, he threw himself into the project unsparingly. He toured Europe in search of ideas and talent. He planned and sweated with architects and engineers. Slowly he saw it grow from a jagged, rocky excavation to a Babylonian pile with hanging gardens, housing the most extensive entertainment facilities in the world and the headquarters of a great broadcasting system.

Only then did Roxy discover that a man could work too hard. He fell sick. Doctors advised an operation. But no, the operation could wait. The opening of Radio City was coming in a few weeks. That was more important.

The opening came at last. But Roxy's impaired vitality was reflected in the opening show. It was not all that he had hoped it would be, and that was the beginning of the storm.

A few weeks later he was stricken and rushed to Post Graduate Hospital for an emergency operation, almost too late. Six times his life was despaired of. Once his death was actually reported in the papers. But that indomitable will which had brought him up from obscurity held him to life. He pulled through and, still a sick man, came back to the theatre and to trouble.

"The gross had fallen \$43,000 a week during my absence," he said, "and the first week of my return I brought it back to \$90,000."

But the disagreements kept on and eventually Roxy's resignation made front page news. Probably no outsider will ever know just what the trouble was. Some say that Roxy over-reached himself, that he became impatient with others' ideas of showmanship. If so, it was but the universal story of man, the dreamer, trying impossibly to remold the world nearer to his heart's desire.

There were many things about it that hurt Roxy, but most of all the cruel comment of those who had found rich fodder for satire in the boldness and originality of his ideas. "I was a butt of caricaturists and jokesters," he said, and there were tears in his eyes.

It is an easy thing for a man to take when he is riding high. But when he is down that is another matter. And Roxy was down. He was having his first bitter taste of failure.

"Did you ever feel completely licked?" I asked him.

"Licked?" his eyes flashed. "When I feel licked, I'll cease to feel, that's all."

RONY'S first impulse was to try an immediate comeback. So he went out on tour with his Gang, but he soon found he was not yet a well man. His old sparkle was lacking.

Then he decided his next move must be to win back his health. Still under his doctor's care, he left New York, went to Florida, over to Texas and then Mexico.

But his recovery took longer than it should because he was paying the penalty of being Roxy. Into every hamlet, no matter how obscure, even in the remote sections of Mexico, the news of his coming preceded him. He was asked to speak at Legion gatherings, before Rotary Clubs, and being Roxy he could not refuse.

Nevertheless, he got in his daily rounds of golf, the sun shone brightly and the world seemed good. Bit by bit his spirits rose, his creative mind began to function again.

The idea of his comeback grew on him slowly. Everywhere he went people were talking radio. So he decided that in radio he would find his future.

Roxy is a radio pioneer. When he went on the air from the stage of the Capitol Theater with his "Gang" in 1921 it was the first really pretentious program to be broadcast. He brought the music to the air in the days of the crystal sets. The variety show was his idea and there is in fact hardly a phase of radio today that he did not innovate. And great is the roster of network names who were members of the "Gang."

"But radio was always something of a sideline with me," he said. "Now I realize that the time has come to give it my undivided attention."

During his year of leisure Roxy made the great discovery that health is the basis of achievement.

As health returned, his spirits rose and prospects brightened. He began to plan for his comeback, and it was indeed a happy day for him when he was able to put his signature to a contract for one of the important winter shows.

BUT it was a happier experience when the letters began to pour in from faithful followers of the "Gang," from War Veterans lying on white hospital cots whom Roxy has befriended from farmers and ranchers whom he has never seen, from widows and shut-ins, touching testimonials of unswerving loyalty. For Roxy, a sentimental man himself, has touched the sentimental side of millions.

So Roxy is to have a show again. But that in itself could scarcely be a sufficiently satisfying comeback to a man who has always stood at the peak of his profession. But wait—

"I'm going to do one more thing before I go," he said, and the tanned hand holding his cigarette trembled from his eagerness. "Then they can take me and I'll be satisfied."

"It is going to be a bigger thing than I have ever done—far bigger. It is so big that I dare not talk of it—I hardly dare to think about it. The world isn't ripe for it now. But things are straightening themselves out. The time will soon be ripe."

"I can only tell you that it will be in radio, the coming entertainment medium—and that I assure you I am going to do it!" His eyes flashed as he spoke.

And when was this great idea of his born, this idea so big he dare not yet discuss it? Why in the very shadow of death? At the time when his whole world, his life, the tower of his achievement had crashed down on him. It was only a germ of an idea then. But he nourished it from the very first and yet in his mind.

It was not until the time was ripe, and it was only then that there was an inevitable result.

"I'm going to do it," he said. "The past is dead. There's no going back for you, my dear ones!"

Now Roxy has before him a future just greater than any he has struggled for in the past. Is it any wonder that he has the good sense to say—

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES

[CORK TIPPED]



An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but a carton of KOOLS is a sure way to keep a comfortable smoking throat always on tap! KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated to cool the smoke, to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork-tipped to save lips. B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS good for attractive nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS for
HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Five Free Dresses for Radio Fans

(Continued from page 36)

Miss Parker's clothes are so popular that they're featured in over five hundred leading stores all over the country."

Annette started her fall wardrobe selection right then and there. You see, after October 2 she is going to co-star on the Camel Cigarette program over CBS, and with the two Camel shows a week Annette is not going to have much time to shop. Every dress was so original, so impudent and yet so practical. They're youthful, yes, and daring. That's the way truly smart clothes should be. Yet a mature figure can carry them off with as much chic as the young 'uns, because, you see, they're so adaptable. That's why the Parker clothes are such a hit all over the country. Gals who wear them (and they should know) say they are the answer to a maiden's prayer.

Suddenly an idea flashed through my mind (it happens sometimes) and I pulled Annette and Gladys Parker aside. What was the huddle about? Why this contest, of course.

That's why every RADIO STARS reader has a chance to win any one of the five glamorous Gladys Parker models pictured on pages 36 and 37. And absolutely free. Almost every dress is a "two timer." That is, in almost every case there is an extra

jacket, jumper or blouse to give it the added value of two dresses. Just look over the pictures and read the descriptions and you'll understand what I mean. Then read over the rules carefully and join in.

Remember, if you want one of these dresses, write to Mrs. Annette Hanshaw, RADIO STARS Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, and tell her in seventy-five words or less which dress you want and why you want it. If your letter gives the best reason for wanting a certain dress and if it is written in the most original manner, you will win that particular dress.

There are five dresses, and you can write for one only. So be sure and make your choice before you write.

And don't forget to state in a postscript your age, your weight, the size dress you wear and the color you prefer. You can get the dresses in the following colors:

1. **SLIM JIM**—All white with blue velvet belt.
2. **PINK LADY**—Pale pink blouse with midnight blue skirt and jacket.
3. **JEAN OF ARC**—All black.
4. **MAISON**—Wine with yellow blouse.
5. **MAC**—Blue or red plaid with matching mittens.

Uncle Answer Man Answers

(Continued from page 11)

A. Oh, sorry, old things. Here goes. He's a University of Californian, too. He got there when he was fifteen. But he'd been on the air before then, having made his radio debut as a boy soprano on KPO. He got to learning how to play the cello and suddenly found himself playing vaudeville with one of the things in Chicago. His originality was busy displaying itself then by having inspired him to turn the cello over his knee and play it like a fiddle. They tell of the time he was shot at by gangsters when he was master of ceremonies in a Milwaukee night club. "When the bullet missed you, Morey, what did you do?" "Sixty miles an hour," said Morey. He fell in with Al Pearce, whom he had met before, in San Francisco, and he joined the "Gang."

Q. What is Jerry Cooper's name off the air and how old is he?

A. I'm not supposed to tell, but it's Jerry Cooper. He was born April 3, 1907. You figure it out.

Q. Is Frank Parker still singing with the Revelers Quartet?

A. Naw. Not still. Again. Robert Simmons replaced him when Frank went to Hollywood. Incidentally, for those

who are still puzzled, the Cities Service Quartet is the Revelers.

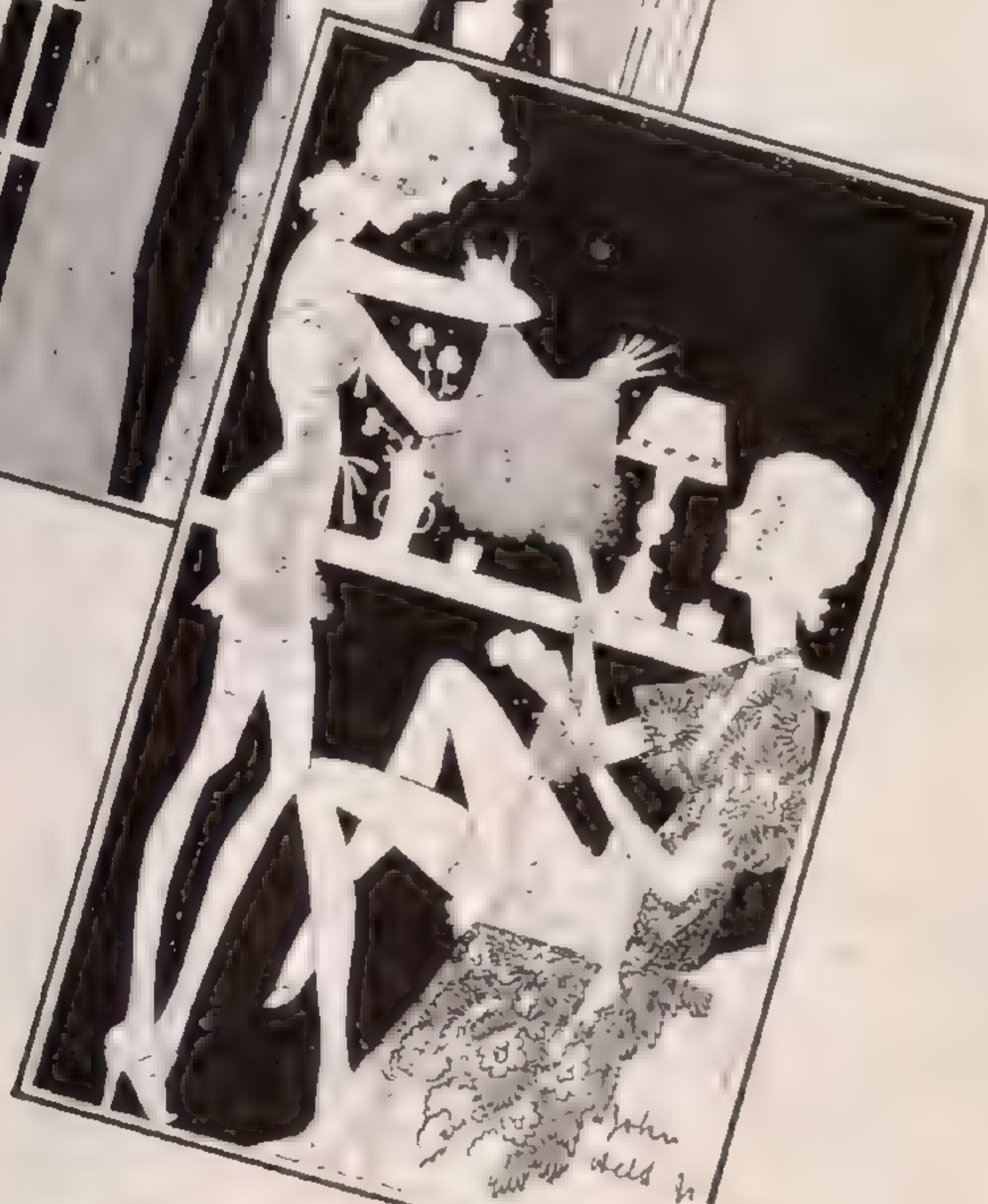
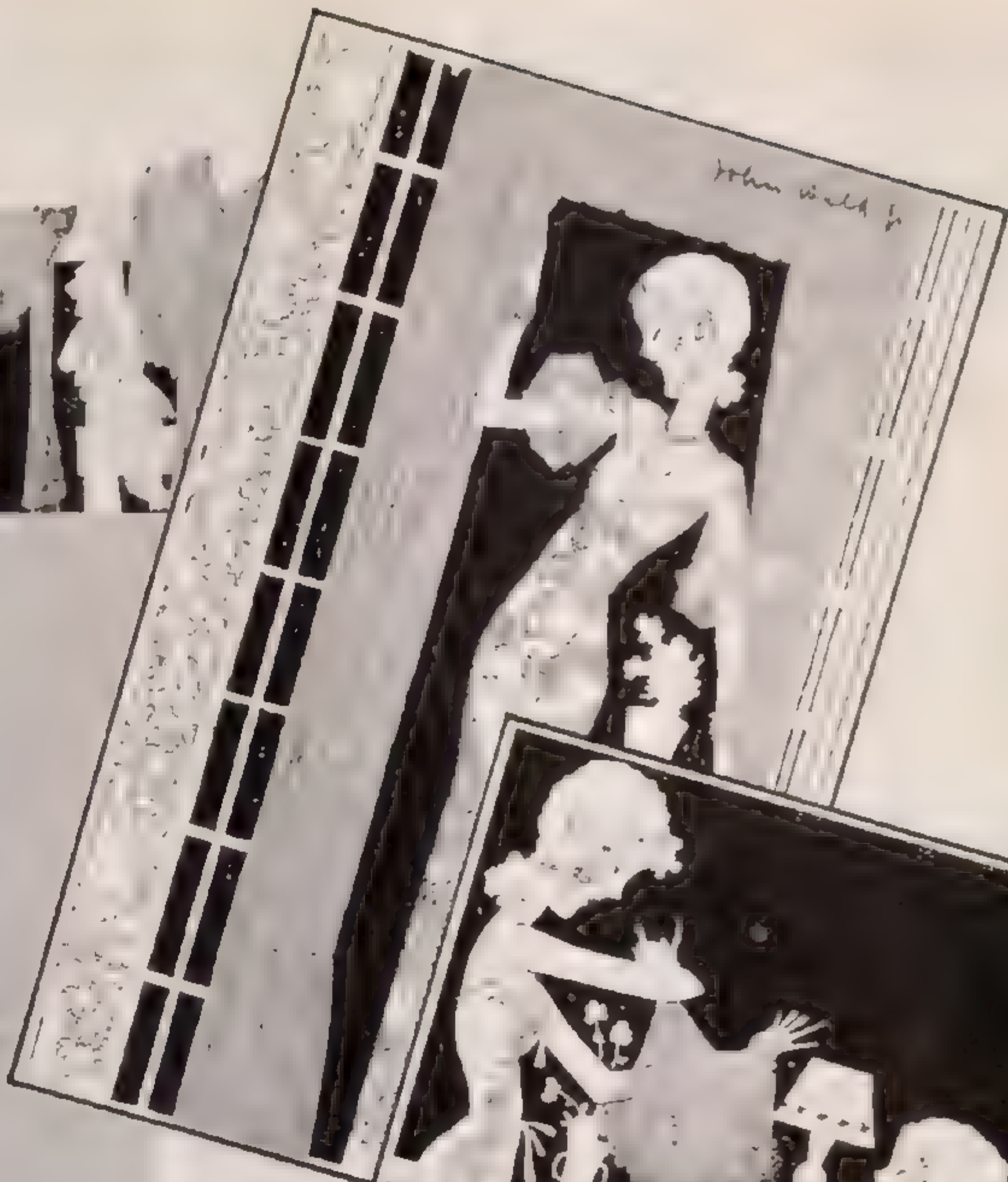
Q. C-c-can yu-yu-yuh tell us s-s-something ab-bout K-K-K-Katy uh-S-S-Smith?

A. S-S-Sure. Yu-yu-you b-b-b-h-h. Oh, I'll write it. Her real name is Katherine Smith and she was born on May 5, 1908, in Greenville, Virginia, of American descent. She was educated in public schools of Washington, D. C. Her's was no training in elaborate professional schools. She got her experience in vaudeville. Her radio break came when Ted Collins saw her in a musical show on Broadway and got her a program. She has an older sister, a government employee in Washington. Kate has blue eyes and brown hair and is five feet six inches tall. She likes to eat all the things a girl her size shouldn't—ice cream and yummy cake. She really bakes swell cake herself. She likes to play golf and fly and as a matter of fact, likes men who do these things. She's not married nor engaged.

Q. Does Lanny Ross sing on any other program beside Show Boat?

A. Not now. He's under exclusive contract to General Foods.

What are stations afraid to broadcast? See the article, "Too Hot to Broadcast," in a forthcoming issue for the answer.



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and Home Decorations
Like **NEW** ..

Use **TINTEX** for Underthings • Negligees
Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs • Stockings • Slips
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• **Color Magic For Every Faded Fabric!** •



HAVE sun and laundering played havoc with your wardrobe? Or home decorations? Don't worry... Tintex will restore their faded color in a jiffy. Or, if you wish, Tintex will give them any of the smart, new Fall colors. It costs only a few pennies...and it saves dollars!

Millions of women depend on Tintex to keep their apparel color-fresh...and to keep that gay, new appearance in their home decorations. They know that the Tintex way is the shortest, simplest and surest road to color smartness! Pick out your favorite colors *today*. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

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Tints & Dyes

All
Stars

...ON THE
NOVEMBER



College Humor

OUT OCTOBER 10th

YOU'LL DIE FOR DEAR OLD LAUGHTER WHEN YOU
READ THIS GREAT ALL-AMERICAN COLLEGE NUMBER

***Filled with:* HUMOR, FICTION, DYNAMITE**

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JIM ASWELL

JEFF MACHAMER

ROBT. WINSMORE

WARD GREEN

ED GRAHAM

PAUL LORENTZ

LILLIAN DAY

ROBERT ROSS

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W. W. SCOTT

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RALPH FULLER

SIMMS CAMPBELL

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READ FREE OFFER BELOW



EYES SAY MORE

than lips ever can.
—How to beautify your eyes
in 40 seconds.

LOVELY eyes depend on long, lovely lashes. You, too, can beautify them in 40 seconds! You'll be delighted at your utterly changed appearance—so will others.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



FREE

Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, M-11
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name

Street

City

State

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 72)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

- 6:00 AM. KRLD, KRLA, KMRB, KMOX, KOMA, KIRI, KISA, WACO, WILM, WPRC, WCOO, WIOD, WDSU, WFRM, WGST, WHAS, WIRW, WISN, WLAQ, WMT, WWOV, CKAC, KTL, WFLA, KLZ, KSL, KFOR, KOH, KEEN, KMI, KHI, KOIN, KPRC, KJ, KPRC, KIB, KOL, KELY, KWA, KVI, KFAB, WDSU, WALA.
- 9:30 EST (1/2)—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Mann, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden, piano team; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orchestra. Sweet old melodies. (Bayer.)
- WEAF, WTAC, WEEL, WMAQ, WJAR, WSH, WFI, WFER, WRC, WGY, WEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WIOD, WFLA, WRA, WJAX, WPE, CFCF, CRCT, KSD, WWC, WOC, WHO, WOV, WMC, WSR, WOAI, WIDY, WFAA, WSM, WKY, KPRC, WDAF, KVOO, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KIQ, KGO, WIS.
- 10:00 EST (1/4)—Mme. Schumann-Heink. Harvey Hays. (Gerber and Co., Inc.) WIZ, CRCT, CFCF, WBAI, WMAL, WBZ, WJAX, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WKY, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.
- 10:00 EST (1/2)—Wayne King waltzes to you. (Ledy Esther.) WABC, WNE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKW, WFRM, WKRC, WTK, CKLW, WWOV, WDR, KMRB, WHAS, WCAU, WNAU, WJAS, WDSU, KMOX, WFLA, WSH, WISV, KIZ, WCO, KSL, KOIN, KMI, KHI, KOIN, KPRC, KGB, KPRC, KOL, KELY, KGW, KVI, KRLD, WIBM, WIRW, WBS, KFAB.
- 10:00 EST (1/2)—Hall of Fame. Guest orchestras. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.) WEAF, WFI, WTAM, WTAC, WEEL, WWJ, WJAR, WSH, WLW, WFI, WFER, WRC, WGY, WEN, WCAE, CFCF, WMAQ, WFAA, WOV, CRCT, WDAF, KTHS, WSM, KPRC, WMC, WOAI, KTHS, KSTP, WIDY, WSR, WKY, WSM, WKBF, WOC, WHO, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KIQ, KCD.
- 11:00 EST (1/4)—Wendell Hall singing again for Fitch's. KSTP, WOAI, WDAF, WTMJ, WIRA, WEBC, WDAY, KPRC, WKY, WBAI, KPRC, KTHS, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KIQ.
- 11:15 EST (1/4)—Mme. Schumann-Heink and Harvey Hays. WKY, WBAI, KPRC, WOAI, KFI, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KIQ.
- 11:30 EST (1/2)—Richard Himber's orchestra; Joey Nash, tenor. (Studebaker.) KLZ, KSL, KPRC, KPRC, KGB, KHI, KOH, KOIN, KVI.
- 12:00 Midnight EST (1/2)—The Lovelorn Lady—Beatrice Fairfax. (General Foods.) KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KIQ. (Station list incomplete. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

MONDAYS

(October 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th.)

- 6:00 EST (1/4)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventure in the 25th century. (Cocomalt.) WABC, WBT, WBS, WCAO, WCAU, WEAN, WFLA, WHEC, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKR, WMBG, WNAQ, CKLW.
- 6:15 EST (1/4)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Clean Western drama for youngsters. (Hecker H-O.) WABC, WAAB, WGR, WCAU, W3NAU, WFLA, WLBZ.
- 6:15 EST (1/4)—Tom Mix. Western dramas for children. (Ralston.) WMAQ, WHO, WOV, WDAF, WTMJ, WIRA, KSTP.
- 6:45 EST (1/2)—Dixie Circus. Roars of laughter and lions in big-top life. (Dixie cups.)
- 6:45 EST (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. News by the adventurer-journalist. (Sun Oil.) WJZ, WGAR, WLW, CRCT, WBAI, WBZ, KDKA, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, WBZA, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMAL, CFCF.
- 6:45 EST (1/4)—Billy Batchelor. Small town sketches with Raymond Knight and Alice Davenport. (Wheatena.) WEAF, WEEL, WTH, WJAR, WTAC, WSH, WFI, WFER, WRC, WGY, WEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI. (Subject to change.)
- 7:00 EST (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.) WJZ, WBAI, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WLW, WKY, WENR, CRCT, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WRA, WPTF, WIOD, WFLA. (See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)
- 7:00 EST (1/4)—Myrt and Marge. Just two gals trying to get along. (Chew Wrigley's.) WABC, WADC, WBT, WCAO, WCAU, WDAE, WDBO, WDR, WEAN, WFLA, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAQ, WOKO, WQAM, WSPD, WTC.

WVA, CKLW

- 7:15 EST (1/4)—"Just Plain Bill. Sketches of small town barber. (Holynos.) WABC, WCOO, WCAI, WHS, WJAS, WJAX, WKBY, WRC, WNAQ, CFCF, CKLW.
- 7:15 EST (1/4)—Gene and Glenn. Songs and comedy. (Gillette.) WEAF, WAG, WEL, WJAR, WSH, WIR, WGY, WBS, WFER, WFI, WWC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA. (See also 11:15 P.M.)
- 7:30 EST (1/4)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventure in the 25th century. (Cocomalt.) KMRB, KMRB, KRLD, KIRI, WFRM, WCOO, WSR, WFRM, WHAS.
- 7:30 EST (1/4)—Paul Kenst, baritone; Rollo Hudson's orchestra. (Cocomalt.)
- 7:30 EST (1/4)—"Red Davis." Dramatic sketch. (Beech-Nut.) WJZ, WBAI, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, KSO, KWK, WBS, KOL, WJAX, KSTP, WJAX, WCAU, WPTF, WWC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSH, WIDY, WSM, WKY, KSL, KPRC, WSR, KPRC, WAVE.
- 7:45 EST (1/4)—Dangerous Paradise. Dramatic sketches with Lise Hitz and Nick Dawson. (Woodbury's.) WJZ, WBZ, WJAX, WBAI, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WKY, WENR, WLS, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WEN, WSM, WSH, WSM, KGO, WJAX, KIR.
- 7:45 EST (1/4)—Boake Carter. (Philo.) WABC, WCAO, KMRB, WNAQ, WISV, WHK, CKLW, WCAI, WJAS, WPT, WFRM, WJR, WHAS, KMOX, WCOO.
- 8:00 EST (1/4)—Kate Smith. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAQ, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDR, KMRB, WHAS, WCAI, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFLA, WSPD, WISV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KOIN, KIB, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WDR, WOC, WBT, WIOD, KLZ, KFOR, WBS, KRLD, WLBW, WIDE, WGLC, KFAB, KIRA, WFLA, WREC, WISN, WCO, WSEA, CKAC, WLAQ, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, KSL, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KISA, WTOL, KSCI, WSBT, WMAS, WIRW, CFCF, KTL, WACO, WMT, WVA, KFI, WIS, WRC, WNAQ, WNOX, WALA, WDC, WBT, KRI.
- (Network especially subject to change.)
- 8:00 EST (1/2)—Jan Garber and his Yeast Farmers orchestra. WJZ, WBAI, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WLS, WHAM, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KIQ, KWK, WKBF, WJR.
- 8:00 EST (1/2)—Richard Himber's Orchestra. Joey Nash, vocalist. (Studebaker Motor Co.) WEAF, WTAC, WTAC, WEEL, WJAR, WSH, WIS, WGY, WEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOV, WDAF, WLIT, WFER, (WWJ off 11:00).
- 8:15 EST (1/4)—"The Human Side of the News." Edwin C. Hill. (Wasey Products.) WABC, WADC, WCAO, WCAI, WDR, WEAN, WFLA, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBY, WKR, WNAQ, WOKO, WSPD, CKLW, KMRB, KMOX, WBBM, WCOO, WFLA, WHAS.
- 8:30 EST (1/2)—"Raffles." Amateur Cracksmen. Safe bet for detective drama devotees. WOKO, WCAO, WNAQ, WGR, WFRM, WIC, WEL, CKLW, WDR, WFRM, KMRB, WHAS, WCAU, W3NAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFLA, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WLBZ, WBT, KRLD, WHP, WADC, KDB, KTH, KOIN, WLBW, WDB, WGLC, KFAB, KIRA, WEA, WEL, WCO, WSEA, CKAC, WLAQ, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KISA, WTC, KSCI, WSBT, WMAS, WIRW, CFCF, KTL, WACO, WVA, KFI, WIS, WRC, WKEN, WALA, WDC, KLZ, KOMA.
- (Network especially subject to change.)
- 8:30 EST (1/2)—Voice of Firestone Garden Concert. Gladys Swarthout; vocal ensemble; Wm. Daly's symphonic string orchestra. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.) WEAF, WTAC, WTAC, WEEL, WJAR, WSH, WLIT, WFER, WRC, WGY, WEN, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WKBF, WCAE, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOV, WDAF, WFAA.
- (See also 11:30 P.M. EST.)
- 8:15 EST (1/4)—Shortwave broadcast from schooner "Seth Parker" by Phillips Lord and crew. Songs and sea chanties. WJZ and an NBC blue network (Station list unavailable.)
- 9:00 EST (1/2)—Rosa Ponselle, operatic soprano; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Light a Chesterfield.) WABC, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WBS, WCAO, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO.

(Continued on page 76)

We Want News

(Continued from page 30)

for the accommodation of adult prisoners, in the United States and only sixty per cent of them have radio facilities. These consist usually of a central receiving plant with either ear-sets for the individuals or loud speakers placed at the mess-hall, the cell-block and other central points. Nearly all of these installations were made with funds earned or raised by the prisoners.

"To bar these men and women from news when they have at great effort succeeded in getting radio into the prison is a gratuitous cruelty. It is also social stupidity for when the news is shut off, so is the world, and with it one of the greatest incentives to reform and to good behavior. Radio makes life in prison more bearable, it is true. By the same token, it increases the desire to get out and stay out."

Board of Review

(Continued from page 12)

- *** YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GABER AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- *** SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
- *** PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS, DRAMA WITH DOUGLAS HOPE, ALICE HILL, PEGGY DAVIS AND ARTHUR JACOBSON (NBC).
- *** OXDOLE'S OWN MA PERKINS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- *** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUEY (NBC).
- *** THE SINGING STRANGER, WADE BOOTH AND DRAMA (NBC).
- *** JACKIE HELLER, TENOR (NBC).
- *** HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES WITH EDGAR A. GUEST, ALICE MOCK, CHARLES SEARS AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S BAND (NBC).
- *** TIM RYAN'S RENDEZVOUS, MUSICAL AND COMEDY REVUE (NBC).
- *** WOMAN'S RADIO REVIEW WITH CLAUDINE MACDONALD (NBC).
- *** TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM WITH JACK PEARL, CLIFF HALL AND PETER VAN STEEDEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- *** VIC AND SADE, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).
- *** IRENE RICH FOR WELCH, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
- *** CONOCO PRESENTS HARRY RICHMAN, JACK DENNY AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC).
- *** MARTHA MEARS, SONGS (NBC).
- *** DEATH VALLEY DAYS, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).
- *** LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS WITH PHIL HARRIS' ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- *** RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS (NBC).
- *** CHICAGO JAMBOREE, MUSICAL VARIETY (NBC).
- *** "THE PET MILKY WAY" (CBS).
- *** FRANCES LEE BARTON, COOKING (NBC).

After reading "I Listen in London" in an early issue of RADIO STARS, you'll realize the advantages of American broadcasting.

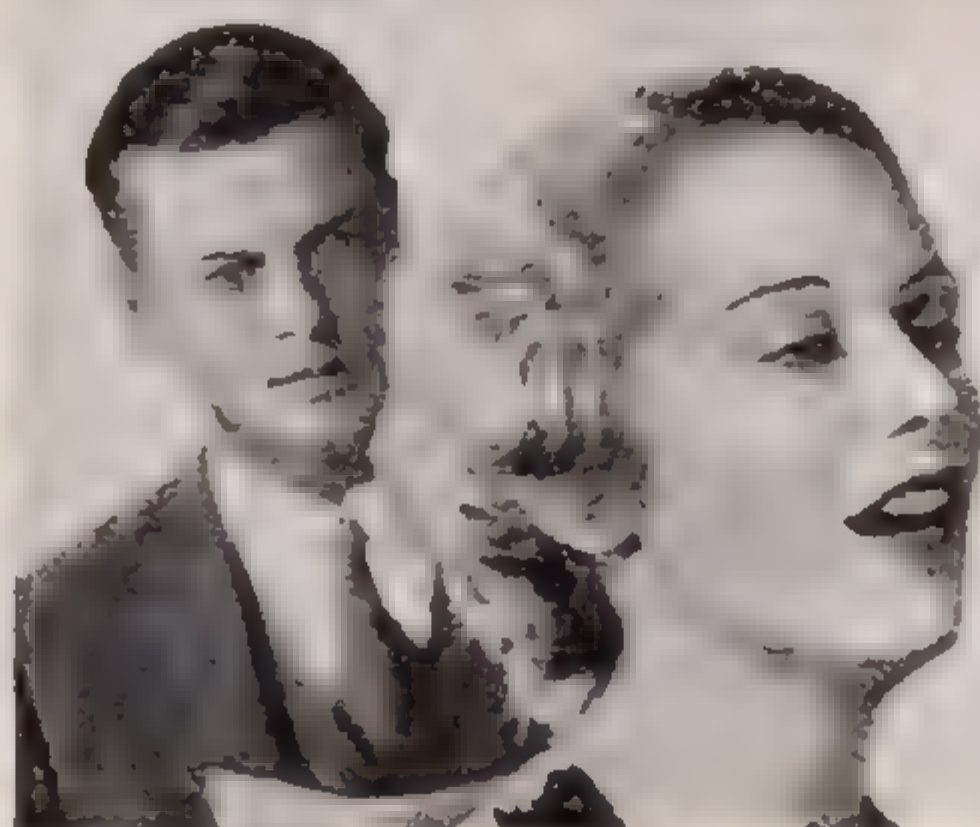
GLAMOUR!

ROMANCE!

BIG MONEY!

RADIO Broadcasting

offers you these and more



Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting—the big fascinating, glamorous, industry of today? Do you want to earn good money? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

For no matter where you live—no matter how old or how young you are—if you have talent—then here is a remarkable new way to realize your life's ambition. Broadcasting needs new talent—in fact, the demand far exceeds the available supply.

Great Opportunity in Radio Broadcasting

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict to what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers unusual opportunities for fame and success to those who can qualify.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today advertisers alone are spending more than a hundred million dollars for advertising over the air. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after over more than 600 stations—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

Many Earn Good Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcast—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual



FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio
Announcer

are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself quickly at home in spare time for your future in Broadcasting. Mail coupon now.

NEVER LEAVE THE HOME for one of the most good paying positions in the fast growing field. Hundreds of opportunities are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself quickly at home in spare time for your future in Broadcasting. Mail coupon now.

Broadcasting Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Through this remarkable course, you can train for a good paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time and without giving up your present position.

Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Studio and How It Works, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, The Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Dramatic Broadcasts, How to Build Correct Speech Habits, How to Develop a Radio Personality, Sports Announcing, Educational Broadcasting, Radio Publicity, Advertising Broadcasts, Program Management, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for Valuable FREE Booklet

An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. Let us show you how to qualify for a leading job in Broadcasting. Let us show you how to turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No cost or obligation. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

MAIL THIS NOW!

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,
Dept. 4P37, U. S. Savings Bank Building,
2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Without obligation send me your free booklet
"How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting,"
and full particulars of your home study course.

Name Age
Address
City State

The Band Box

(Continued from page 63)

BEFORE LONG, sportswriters all over the country will be selecting all-American football teams. Now along comes Jimmie "Hot" Woolbury maestro, to name an all-American band, composed entirely of men who have won their own individual "trumpets." Here they are: strings—Dave Krumpholtz, Joe Venuti, George Stoll and Joe South; viola—Paul Whiteman; saxophones—Glen Gray, Isham Jones, Frankie Trumbauer, and Adrian Rollini; string bass—Don Bestor; pianos—Duke Ellington and Eddie Duchin; drums—Abe Lyman; banjo—Eddie Peabody; trumpets—Harry Busse, Roy Fox, Red Nichols and Louis Armstrong; trombones—Tommy Dorsey and Slim Martin.

The leader of this all-star band would be Ben Bernie with Cab Calloway acting as his substitute.

BILLY MILLS, new conductor of the Columbia Studio orchestra in Chicago, was bandmaster of the 31st Field Artillery during the war. His commander was C. I. Harry Stimson, later Secretary of State.

RADIO'S longest distance commuter this season seems to be Mischa Mischaikoff, concert master of Charles Previn's orchestra, heard on the Real Silk Silken Strings program. Six days a week Mischaikoff is concert master of the Chautauque Symphony orchestra at Chautauque, New York. Every Saturday evening he hops a train arriving in Chicago on Sunday morning. Then there's an afternoon of rehearsal and at 7 p. m. (EST) the Silken Strings show. After the program Mischaikoff grabs a bite and takes a sleeper back to New York. When autumn comes Mischaikoff gives up commuting for he is then also concert master of the Chicago Symphony orchestra.

When Your Husband Cheats

(Continued from page 49)

No wonder he was amused and thrilled; no wonder he found Julia as much of a novelty in his life as she found him in hers.

It wasn't long before they were both sure that they were in love. But when Ted proposed to Julia, she only shook her head.

Not knowing how much his love for Julia was bound up with the gambling fever in his blood, Ted pleaded with her, "Nothing that I've been, nothing I've ever wanted to do matters beside you, Julia. I'll give up gambling. I'll give up the race track. Why, it's a cinch. The races are all rigged, anyway. No one knows that better than I."

And Julia, romantic lovely Julia, believed him, because every pulse in her body, every beat of her heart told her that she wanted to believe him.

(Continued on page 100)



Why do some napkins *hurt*? They *harden*!

ALMOST any disposable napkin feels fairly soft to begin with.

But does it *stay* soft when it's worn? There's the test!

An inferior napkin won't. Its harsh, rough-cut edges soon begin to *harden*. They rub. They cut. If there's even a slight delay in changing napkins, delicate skin surfaces become chafed—until every step *hurts*!

Modess starts soft and stays soft. Why? Because Modess is a new-type napkin—made without any sharp edges to invite painful hardening.

Try this ten-second test—

Take a Modess napkin from its box and look at it. See? Every edge is rounded. No cut-out papery layers there!

Now press the pad between the palms of your hands. Did you ever imagine a disposable napkin could be that soft?

Next—get the "inside story." Turn back the

silky gauze and see—just underneath—a drift of downy fibres. That's Zobel—exclusive with Modess. An extra insurance against chafing. Then notice that covering wrapped around the Modess filler—it's as soft as the finest facial tissue. Finally—fold back the covering and see... the famous Modess filler. Fluffy. Soft. Super-absorbent. It's made of wisps of cellulose actually blown into shape.

And remember—this softer napkin is safer, too. Its special protective backing guards against "accidents."

Modess is not expensive!

Ask your druggist—or your favorite department store—for Modess. You'll be astonished at its low price.

But better even than its bargain price—is the extra assurance—the lasting comfort Modess brings. Wear Modess once and you'll never again be satisfied with ordinary, harsh napkins!



MODESS *stays soft in use!*

78

He Went Hungry

(Continued from page 31)

in a stern life. It carried him away from reality. And, in the end, the frail little instrument became his battling axe against poverty!

True, nobody took Bill's audition at the local Roanoke station very seriously. That except Bill. And he was so frightened that he forgot his lyrics, and had to fill in with miserable hoo-hoop-e-doops. But the station put him on anyway, for two nights a week. There was no remuneration, except in the glamor Bill found facing the mike.

PROBABLY the greatest turning point in Bill's life was the sudden death of his mother. This disaster made him, at seven years, the head of the family. As the oldest son, Bill surrendered all personal dreams and ambitions to take responsibility upon his shoulders. In a way, he became a sonner, shackled to drudgery.

Though artistically Bill was set free! Before his father's death, he had never been able to express the emotions which youthfully guarded beneath the surface. The grief released emotion and put depth in his songs.

An hour after his father's funeral, Bill showed up at the studio for his program, choked up and feeling that he couldn't see the microphone. He learned, for the first time, that "the show must go on." Somehow it did. His first song was "Come Home." He poured all his heart into it, all his silent promises to his mother. It was such an intimate and touching performance that letters came pouring into the studio afterwards. For five years before he came to New York Bill used "Come Home" as his theme. And each time he sang it sounded like a vow.

In those five years the cards seemed stacked against him. But fate taught him a hard lesson which some artists never learn: Talent isn't always the latch key which to escape through the stern door of responsibility.

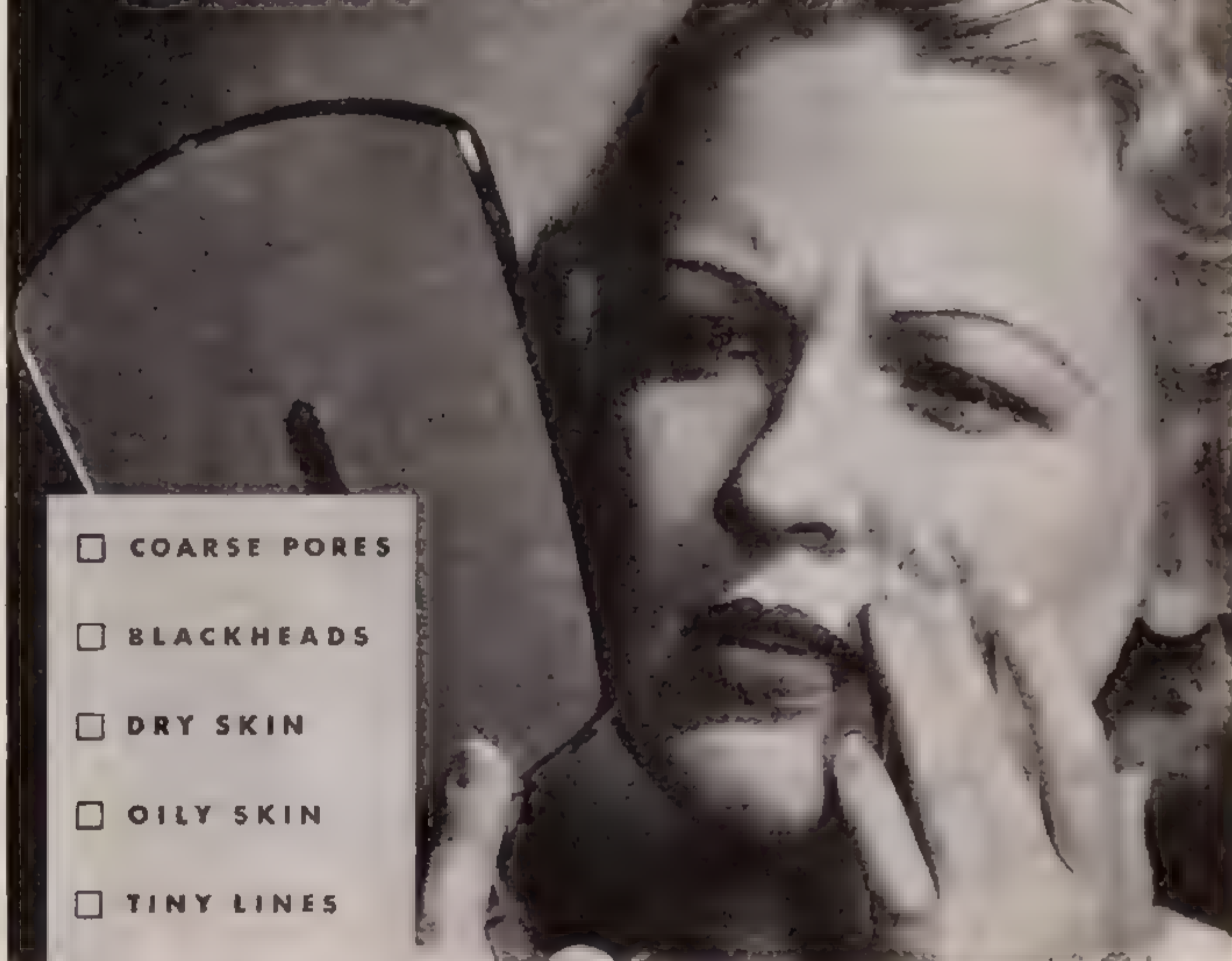
Bill attempted valiantly to fill his father's shoes. Mr. Huggins had been assistant manager in a railroad storehouse. Aiming to be at the same job, his son was taken on the payroll first as an ordinary laborer. Out in the sun on broiling summer days, he dug ditches. Sweating with fatigue, his mind escaped into day dreams. When the company promoted him to a clerk in the office he knew brief triumph and had hopes of being promoted to his father's job. Then business conditions forced a curtailment of the payroll. Bill was given notice.

THAT day he struck rock bottom of despair. His nerves stampeded in his forehead. His eyes burned. Not with pity, but with the conviction that he had failed his family when they needed him most. The only thing that rescued him from a dangerously morbid state of mind was his radio program.

He walked out of the station with his fiddle under his arm, deciding that he'd

(Continued on page 83)

✓CHECK YOUR SKIN TROUBLE



- ☐ COARSE PORES
- ☐ BLACKHEADS
- ☐ DRY SKIN
- ☐ OILY SKIN
- ☐ TINY LINES
- ☐ SALLOW SKIN

Nine Times Out of Ten "Paralyzed Pores" are the Cause!

By *Lady Esther*

Coarse Pores, Blackheads, Sallow and Muddy Skin, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin—practically every skin trouble to which woman is victim—is but some manifestation or other of "Paralyzed Pores".

"Paralyzed Pores" are due to nothing other than wrong method of skin care!

Ordinary methods are all right as far as they go, but they don't go far enough! They reach the surface dirt of the skin, but *not* the subsurface. And it's that underneath dirt that causes all the trouble, leading, as it does, to "Paralyzed Pores".

Everything but the Right Thing!

In our efforts to remove this underneath dirt we do everything but the right thing. We use hot and cold applications which shock the delicate pores and render them crippled. We use strong alcoholic preparations which do not remove the dirt, but only close the pores and seal it in.

We use creams which do not penetrate, but which have to be rubbed in and which only pack the dirt in tighter. Continuing the stuffing, the pores become enlarged and stretched to the point where they lose all power to open and close—in other words, "paralyzed".

When pores become paralyzed they become enlarged and conspicuous. Blackheads and whiteheads appear. The whole breathing and functioning of the skin is impaired and it becomes lifeless and drab and either too dry or oily. It is simply impossible to have a beautiful skin with "Paralyzed Pores".

A Penetrating Face Cream!

Lady Esther Face Cream is unique for the

fact that it *penetrates*. It does not stay on the surface. It does not have to be rubbed in or massaged in, which only stretches and widens the pores. You just smooth it on. Almost instantly, and of its own accord, this face cream finds its way into the pores. Penetrating the little openings to their depths, it dissolves the accumulated grime and waste matter and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that does away with dryness, harshness and scaliness and makes the skin soft and smooth and flexible. For this reason face powder does not flake or streak on a skin that is cleansed with Lady Esther Face Cream.

At My Expense!

I want you to try Lady Esther Face Cream at my expense. I want you to see the difference just one cleansing will make in your skin. I want you to see how much cleaner, clearer and more radiant your skin is and how much smoother and softer. Write today for the 7-day supply I offer free and postpaid. Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard, and by return mail you'll get a generous 7-day supply of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther (4)
200 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

FREE

Amazing new NAIL POLISH

harmonizes with your
Natural Coloring



New shades LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish—in transparent and creme types—made to enhance the true color tones of your skin.

—See Special Offer Below*

• This great nail polish news, announced in *Vogue*, has made many a woman stop, think, and change all her nail polish ideas. Beauty experts say that nail polish shades *should first of all match your natural coloring*—should lift the color of your eyes, your hair, your skin, to their fullest expression—thus giving to your own natural beauty that vital, vivid charm men idealize.

No wonder the new shades of Lady Lillian Nail Polish are creating such a sensation. They include a full series of nine lovely colors, based on the true colors of the artist's palette, in both transparent and creme type polishes.

The new Lady Lillian Polish shades flow on smoothly, leaving an unbroken surface without bubble or crumb. They dry rapidly, leaving no odor to collide with your perfume. They last and last because they do not chip and do not fade.

Individual bottles of Lady Lillian Nail Polish, Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil, cost but 25c at Department Stores and Drug Stores. There are 10c sizes at "five-and-tens." And you can buy complete Lady Lillian Manicure Sets at prices that will surprise you. Lady Lillian Products are approved by *Good Housekeeping*. Booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring" comes with polish and sets.

TRIAL OFFER—One daytime and one evening shade of Lady Lillian Nail Polish—made especially for your color type—with Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Oil, Nail White, Emery Board, Manicure Stick and Cotton—an invaluable booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring"—All for 12c.

I enclose 12c for the new Lady Lillian Manicure Set described above. I prefer Transparent (or Creme) Polish in: True Blonde . . . Ash Blonde . . . Light Brunette . . . Chestnut Brunette . . . Dark Brunette . . . Titan Red . . . Silver Hair . . . Black Hair . . . Black with Silver . . . Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

Name
Address
City State

LADY LILLIAN (Dept. B)
1140 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Keep Young and Beautiful

(Continued from page 43)

longer. Don't ask me why, but I know it does seep into the skin perhaps.

Do you realize that baths can put you into any mood? If you have a lot of work to do, Jeanne advises an invigorating dip into pine or geranium scented waters. For a light, carefree mood, select florals such as rose, sweet pea or violet. Jasmine, narcissus and gardenia are pleasant for the evening. Or any one of the myriad of others that may or may not be florals.

My goodness, are you dizzy from this array of scents? Certainly I do not suggest that you rush out and stock your shelves with these hundred and one suggestions. But don't confine yourself to a regular routine with just a cake of soap. Go shopping for the luxurious trimmings that cost so little and mean so much. You'll soon discover that a bath can be as refreshing as a cocktail and as soothing as a sedative.

To start the morning, I like to hop under a tepid shower and gradually turn it to cold. It acts as a tonic and general stimulant, but is not of course, thoroughly cleansing. I'd like to remark that if you are one of those persons whose circulation does not react swiftly so that your body immediately becomes a "ruddy red" then by all means adhere to the tepid temperature.

Take a very warm bath at night to cleanse the skin and relax the muscles and mind. Scrub the skin with a good toilet soap. Use a brush or sponge to cleanse the body. It also stimulates and rubs away the dead particles of skin.

Before getting out of the tub, rinse off every particle of soap. If you haven't a shower, then pull the plug from the tub and run in fresh water.

No, I'm not forgetting the girls who haven't gallons of boiling water gushing from the faucet. Lots of us have those pesky tanks and must go easy on the hot

water. Just get around the tub to be scrubbing before getting into the tub and then using the tub for the real rub.

I know one famous beautyician who usually uses the sponge bath because she says it is exceedingly healthful. It exposes the body to the air. You find that it is a good way to take salt baths. Throw several handfuls of salt or ordinary kitchen salt into a tub of water and then with a rough cloth brush and the body. Rub and scrub with a rough towel and you will have a beautiful satin skin.

I wonder how many of you ever give your face a bath? You should, you know, if you expect to have a clear complexion. And it is the only way you can remove the layers of dust and grease that tend to clog the pores.

Clean the face thoroughly and let the cream or while you are taking a bath. Then remove it and hold the face over a bowl of steaming water for ten minutes. Now work a generous lather soap over the face and neck. I'm one of those persons to whom soap is impossible. Use the Euclyene of the skin. It is the one thing that dissolves fat and therefore dissolves the dirt and grease from the pores. Rinse with warm water and add Euclyene with an astringent. Or the skin again and, after a minute or two, remove and you are ready for bed. Of course if your skin is particularly dry, apply this facial infrequently.

Bathe for beauty and become the possessor of a beautiful skin and a healthy body.

There's one beauty bath that I'm quite crazy about. It is delightfully perfumed and the results are instant, leaving your skin so very soft and smooth. I find that Jeanne Lang tells me that keeps a dozen boxes of it on hand—that inexpensive! Want to know what it is? Then write me.

Thou Shalt Not Covet Thy Brother's Wife

(Continued from page 45)

good to see the family once more. He was intoxicated with happiness.

Suddenly he noticed a slim hand stretched toward him. "How have you fared, Harry?" the owner was asking, in a soft, Russian voice.

He looked up. It was Fanny. The old hurt in his heart returned. He had almost forgotten about her in the excitement of facing with the family. But choking down his emotions he forced his tone to be impersonal. That's the way it should be. She was his brother's wife.

Luck must have been with the younger Horlick for almost immediately he got a job as violinist in a downtown Russian

cafe called "The Petruska." At that time, almost thirteen years ago, radio was but a squalling news and, as such, was considered unimportant. Radio scouts had secured leisure cafes and night places of talent and one evening a radio representative entered "The Petruska." The tragic undulations of a violin flooded the place with a sad, mellow beauty. When the representative left the cafe that night, he had in his pocket a contract signed by Harry Horlick to lead his own string ensemble on the fast growing, new NBC chain.

Well, you know the rest of the story as far as Harry's musical career is concerned. He was grabbed almost im-

diately by the A & P Company, and today his "A & P Gypsies" ensemble is a radio institution. His original string ensemble numbered six. Now there are forty-one Gypsies pouring their passionate melodies over the airwaves.

In all those thirteen years that Horlick has been on the radio he has always been a top notcher. Success, fame, money, popularity—all have been his almost from the start. He had everything, it seemed. But still he wandered about, a lonely figure in the bustle and gayety of the studios.

"You ought to get married," friends told him. "You can afford to give your wife every luxury. You yourself are a home man. You need companionship."

AND yet, during all of those years, with beautiful, alluring young women crossing his path, he never married. You might have guessed the reason by now.

But understand this—he saw Fanny only when she was with Leon. He was never more than the proper brother-in-law to her. But each time he saw her, he realized with growing despair that there could never be anyone else for him. Can you imagine the hell he went through as he met her a thousand times at family affairs? Never did he tell her, or even so much as hint, that the love he had had for her when they were both childhood sweethearts had never died. Never did he let her know by any sign the burden of longing and heartache he carried. Whether Fanny, with a woman's own in-born intuition, guessed his secret, is more than I can say. But with the strict moral background of her childhood deeply implanted in her make-up, she never encouraged him.

Suddenly, like a bolt out of the blue, startling news hit the Horlick clan. Fanny and Leon were going to be divorced! What the reason was I don't know. Certainly it isn't illogical to suppose that the great difference in their ages had something to do with it. Fanny was thirty-five. Leon, fifty-two.

When Fanny was a free woman once more, Harry for the first time felt that he had a right to tell her what had been in his heart so long. I don't think many men could have remained silent as long as Harry or have acted with such fine decency.

Now he could come to her and declare his love, unashamed and without fear. Now he could ask her to be his wife. Don't think Harry didn't know the talk and gossip that marriage would create. And yet, in spite of it, they were married.

And, as in the ways of all true love, the course has not been smooth. Even now, when Harry should be completely blissful after all those years of almost hopeless waiting, there is a sharp thorn to pierce his long-delayed happiness. His brother is suing him for alienation of affections. The sum asked runs into big figures. We who know his story realize what great restraint and honor Harry displayed in the whole matter. That's why, perhaps, he can hold his head high in the face of this impending trouble, confident that he and Fanny will emerge victorious in the end.

But tell me, could any woman boast of a finer, truer adoration than that which Harry Horlick showed to Fanny, his wife?



5 TO 15 POUNDS GAINED *Fast*

New easy way adds solid flesh in a few weeks. Thousands gain with amazing new double tonic

NOW there's no need to be "skinny", scrawny and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—in just a few weeks!

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.



Helen Roethle

11 lbs. quick

"I was thin, my nerves on edge before taking Ironized Yeast. Gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and feel wonderful." *Frederic E. Sherrill, Gastonia, N. C.*



F. E. Sherrill

20 pounds

"I was skinny and unhealthy but Ironized Yeast gave me 20 lbs. in 2 months." *Helen Roethle, N. Richmond, Wis.*

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He Went Hungry

(Continued from page 79)

anything—anything! On the way home, he landed a job. A very tough job for a sensitive boy. It meant that he had to sacrifice his pride in his music, the only thing he had reserved for himself. Bill was required to stand in the window of a cheap clothing store which was rigged with a raucous loud speaker. There, before the grinning stares of the curious, he had to strum his uke and sing.

It was the first time he had faced a visible audience. And what an audience! Bill felt exactly like an animal in the zoo whose antics are very amusing. He felt that there should have been a card hung outside which read "Please do not feed." The salary for this guaranteed misery was twelve dollars a week. He wasn't very sorry when the company turned to another form of ballyhoo and he was forced to look for something else.

Peddling shoe polish was the next ideal the Fates assigned to him. In those miles, Bill swore that he would never, never shut a door in the face of anybody who claimed to be working his way through "collitch." He didn't dare spend money on lunches, so he went hungry. But that hunger was nothing compared to his longing for a guitar which waited tantalizingly for a buyer in the window of a music store he passed each day. Finally, his dream of possessing it came true. Bill sang at a food show for five nights a week and was handed the most angelic looking twenty dollar bill ever turned out by the mint. He bought the guitar. He was hungry, he needed a new suit, new shoes and a visit to the dentist, but with the guitar under his arm he didn't give a darn.

ONE gentle Spring day in Roanoke, opportunity gave one of its famous knocks. A friend of Bill's planned to drive to Washington and Bill had a definite hunch that he should go along. He broke the news to his family with sudden determination.

The Huggins' turned their pockets inside out. Among them, they mustered seven dollars, and Bill departed for Washington with a few clean shirts and his beloved guitar.

With his chin firmly set, the youngster known quite erroneously as "Lazy" Bill Huggins trekked up to WJSV, Columbia's Washington station. There he had one contact, Harold Gray, a young man who used to announce Bill's programs over the Roanoke station.

Fate played one of its deliberate stunts that day. A program being piped to the station from a remote point failed to come through, and Announcer Gray rushed into the studio with Bill on his heels to pinch-hit. "Fill in with some songs!" Gray commanded.

Bill was dumbfounded. Minus his guitar, and rehearsal, he felt ill-prepared to make his first appearance on a big-time station.

"Sing your theme you know that, anyway!" urged Harold, striking the opening

(Continued on page 85)

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POPULAR SONGS

He Went Hungry

(Continued from page 83)

ords on the piano. Bill pulled himself together sufficiently to sing "Home" and "Ain't You Glad?" His baritone query "Ain't You Glad?" was immediately answered. The telephones at WJSV rang furiously. Fans raved into the ears of the program director. Was Bill Huggins to appear regularly? The answer was yes. Without further delay, Bill was scheduled for two programs a week. He was practically drenched with happiness, but do you think a long fight against poverty was over? was not! For the simple reason that the sustaining programs did not pay, and there was still the problem of keeping all six feet of him alive. So Bill went the rounds of Washington theatres asking for a job. The manager of the Palace told the anxious-eyed young man from Roanoke that he regretted he couldn't use a singer, but he needed an actor. Bill stepped into a uniform. His hours were 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Each morning he rose at seven to rehearse songs. Each evening he took his dinner hour off to sing over WJSV. A deep conviction that he was nearing success kept him going. Some nights he procured extra jobs and strummed in obscure clubs from midnight to dawn on his guitar.

THEN came a bid which indirectly led to Bill's entree on the Columbia network. The Hangar Club hired him for a two weeks' personal appearance. It was a different reception than Bill got singing the window of the clothing store. He was what, in the show business, is termed "sensational." And one night Jean Sargent and her manager came to hear him. Jean sent a rare thrill tingling up and down Bill's spine when she called him "errine." But he had no idea what would come from the visit, or which way it would turn when the two weeks' at the Hangar Club drew to a close. What happened was that a telegram ended on the desk of the program director at WJSV. It was from Jean Sargent's manager and read "WOULD LIKE TO HEAR YOU AT HANGAR CLUB. WOULD YOU COME TO NEW YORK FOR AUDITION."

Once again pockets were turned inside-out so that Bill could take another step in his career. His friends at WJSV generously collected enough money for a round trip ticket and Bill, somewhat dazed but suffused with excitement, boarded the train for New York. WJSV wired WABC to extend every courtesy possible to their protege.

When Bill stepped off the train in New York he strolled into a dream from which he has not yet extricated himself.

It seemed unreal that he, Bill Huggins, had two auditions occurring in one day—first at Columbia then for Jean's manager.

Before the CBS mike, Bill was presented to the invisible "Gentlemen of the Audition Room." He plucked on his guitar the reassuring first bars of "Home." Bill was going strong on the next number when the production man called him.

"Ralph Wonders wants to see you," he said, unsmilingly. Bill's heart thumped violently, then seemed to stop. He was certain he had failed. He felt, he recalls, just like "Lvin' down and dyin'." Confused, he blindly snatched his guitar in one hand, his guitar case in another, and stumbled into the executive's office in the Artist's Bureau. He was so obviously terrified that the men who sat around Ralph Wonder's office burst into laughter.

"Take it easy, kid," Ralph said, removing a cigar from his mouth. "We can use you."

Bill collapsed forthwith into a chair. A contract waved before his eyes revived him.

Then came two spots a week on the network. Bill's victory is complete—almost. True, some personal luxuries are denied him still. He hasn't any money to spend on girls or amusement like the other young blades on Broadway, for his thoughts are crowded with selfless dreams of sending the kid brothers to college. But the trying business of making last year's suit do another year's over now! And his new contract with Blue Light shows more promise.

After as tough a climb to success as Bill has had, he has a nerve using as his theme "I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreaming." don't you think?

She's the Best Boy in the Band

(Continued from page 87)

pieces of her hair or any other feature was a glow, a light that spread over her. It was her new happiness, too much for her heart to hold, spilling from her eyes, manifesting itself even in the least curve of her hand and the very timber of her voice.

"I give you six months," Ramona's mother wired when she learned her daughter's nuptials had been managed

without her consent. She looked on divorce in this marriage as a permanent thing and blamed herself for allowing her daughter to go off with that band.

That was six years ago. Yet this is the first time Ramona's love story has been told.

There was no question about Ramona giving up her work. She and Howard Davies continued to play in Don Bestor's

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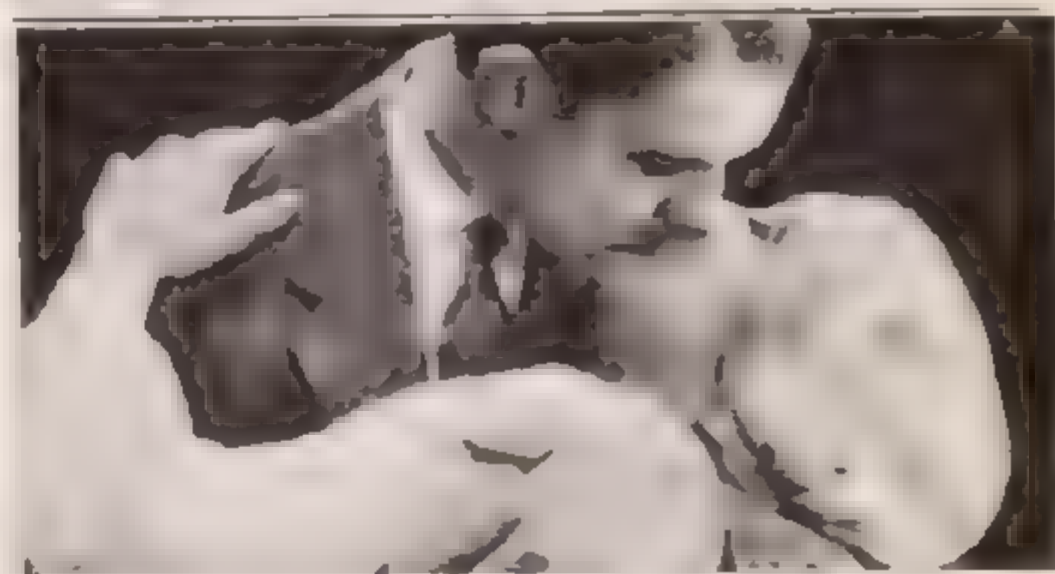
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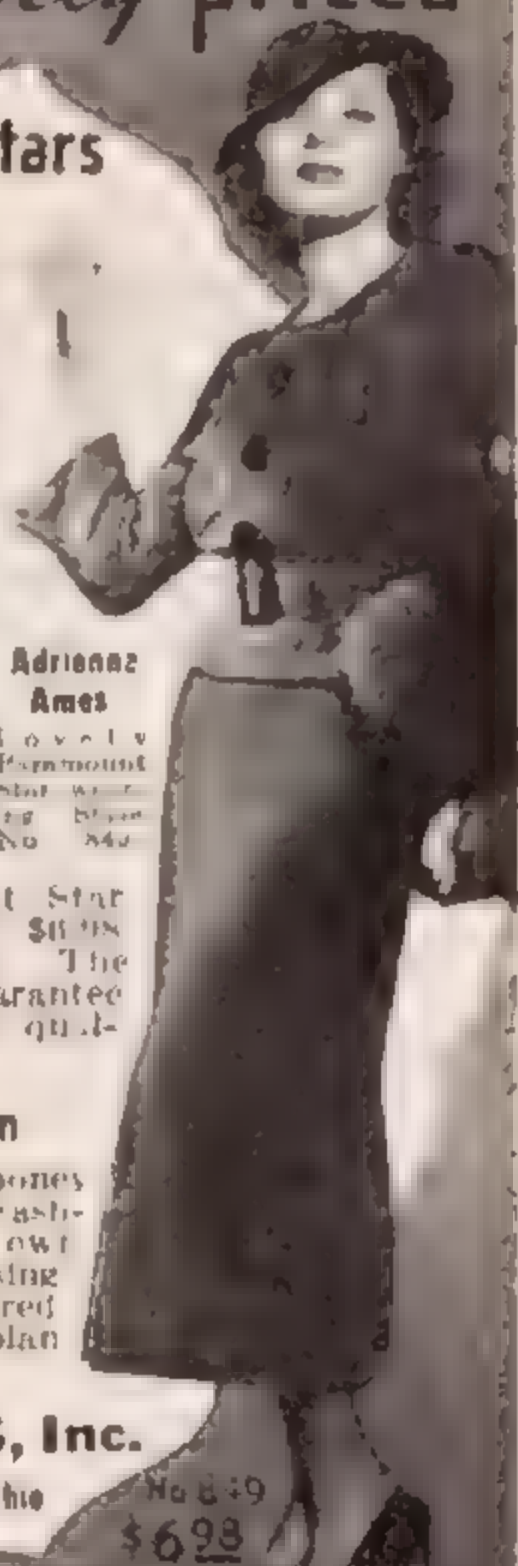
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band. To work together. To practise together. To play together. To dream together. Then, the same as now.

One thing is certain. If Ramona hadn't kept on playing in the band she would have been playing the piano anyway. For ever since she was a little thing, even when she had to reach for the keyboard, the piano for her has been the very axis of her existence.

When Ramona was two years old her family lived in Kentucky. There they had the first floor of a two-family house. Upstairs there was a little girl named Alice who was eight years old and took piano lessons. While she practised with her teacher Ramona used to sit on the slippery edge of a horsehair chair, still as a mouse, absorbed in every sound which emanated from the room above her. When at last all sounds had ceased she used to toddle over to the piano, raise herself on tip-toe, and, just able to reach the keyboard, play all she had heard.

"I wonder," Alice's mother asked Ramona's mother one day, "if you could stop Ramona from playing everything my Alice plays? Alice is in tears about it. She threatens to give up her lessons."

RAMONA'S mother did her best. So did Ramona's grandmother. But they got exactly nowhere. It was impossible to keep Ramona away from the piano. And it was impossible to keep her from playing the scales, exercises and simple little pieces she heard Alice play.

Finally Alice gave up her lessons, as she had insisted she would. So Ramona's musical education came to a halt, too. It continued again, however, with a private teacher soon after. Her grandmother saw to that for as a little girl she had wanted to play the piano. She had run errands for the neighborhood music teacher and taken care of her baby, because lessons had been promised as a reward. But those lessons never materialized and as long as the years in between had been, Ramona's grandmother had remembered her frustration. So she saw to it that her granddaughter was spared a similar experience.

When Ramona grew older she was sent to a convent. There the hours she spent in the music room, a quiet nun sitting beside her at the piano, number among the most satisfying she ever has known.

It was after Ramona and Howard Davies completed their Don Bestor engagement and returned to radio work that she sang for the first time, because she was horrified at the piano upon which she was asked to play for an audition. "I'll never make the grade on that old board," she told Howard. She struck a few notes, tentatively, and proceeded at once to sing, in order to drown out the piano as much as possible.

She had had no voice instruction. And has had none since, incidentally. Never before in her life had she sung except at parties gathered around the piano, the way everyone does.

When Ramona was signed to a contract as a singer as well as a pianist, she nearly dropped dead. But you can't get Howard Davies to admit that he was in the least surprised. If she should suddenly kiss him goodbye and start out for the moon, he would be quite sure she would get

there, for he's seen her accomplish other feats which to a musician like himself seem no less amazing.

It was while Ramona was with the Cincinnati broadcasting station, appearing in some capacity in practically every program, that Paul Whiteman heard her and telephoned to ask her to dine with Margaret Whiteman and himself the following evening.

After dinner they sat over coffee and cigarettes. "I want you to come with me," Paul told Ramona. "But well..." He looked at her appraisingly. She weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. "Well, to be frank, I don't want so much of you."

"I'll tell you what we'll do. Six weeks from tonight I'll call you up. What happens after that will rest with you!"

"Fair enough!" Ramona agreed.

SHE was, she knew, far too heavy. As she realized that appearances must count for a great deal if you are to play even night in the smartest dining room of hotel like the New York Biltmore.

Ramona doted. There was, of course a chance Whiteman would forget all about her or change his mind. But there was much better chance that he would call, he said he would. At any rate she determined to be ready.

Six weeks later to the night, the Day telephone rang. Howard answered. "Long distance!" He beckoned Ramona. "Paul Whiteman calling!"

Ramona flew to the 'phone. "Hello! Hello!" she cried into the mouthpiece. "Oh, Hello! Hello!"

"Ramona," came Paul Whiteman's voice. "How much do you weigh?"

"One hundred and fifty pounds," told him. "And I'm starting to lose ten pounds more."

"Get packed," he said. "Buy your ticket for New York. You're hired. I'll have my manager draw up your contract."

That was over two years ago. Ever since Ramona has played in the Whiteman Band. At the Biltmore every night. On the air every Thursday night. She has been featured lately in the Whiteman radio hour for Miracle Whip Dressing. At several times even the most unbiased listeners in have felt she stole the show.

People have a habit of going for Ramona. She has a natural warmth which warms them. She has an instinctive friendliness which makes them feel less lonely.

The headwaiter at the Biltmore tells the most amazing tales of guests who demand tables which command the best view of Ramona at her piano. Last week there was a little old lady from Milwaukee and her two sons. When a little old lady from Milwaukee sits up until after two o'clock in the morning and doesn't even nod off it's something.

But then Ramona's something. Nothing, however, compared to what she is determined to be. Right now she feels that for her the next step is the stage.

"Ramona," according to Howard Davies "has a strange habit of seeing herself doing things, possessing things before she actually has them."

"However," he says, "I give no psychological power the credit for her success. She has an unflagging determination. And she's not afraid of work." He smiled at Ramona.

She stood, tall and Junoesque, out on a small balcony of their New York apartment, snipping dead leaves from her garden which grew in bright pots fastened to the iron railing. "Now what Paul Whiteman calls her?"

he asked. I shook my head. He grinned. "The best boy in the band!" She came in, caught his eye, and smiled. So their love story progresses. The love which came to them swiftly when they were so young has rooted itself in the years.

Mary Lou Visits Lanny in Hollywood

(Continued from page 15)

Lane which settled down with squishy cushions, then taxied to the gangplank. I leaned to myself how it would be had I known I was coming. He'd stand there hatless, the breeze rumpling his wavy hair—but this was no time for thinking.

You probably heard what happened when I burst into the studio on the Show Boat program so unexpectedly that afterward he drove me home and told me I was going to write a story about him.

His car swung smoothly out on the boulevard.

"How is everybody in the Show Boat general?" he asked.

"Oh, they're all grand. I've lots of messages from them for you."

He glanced at me sideways, a little smile on his face.

"And you, especially?"

"Terribly happy. And particularly glad to be a reporter interviewing a screen star."

"Look here now, Mary Lou," he said, giving his fist down squarely on the button, "don't try to stick a high hat on me. Besides, you're going to forget all about that interview. We're going to have some fun together."

"But your work," I protested. "You don't have time."

"Listen, Mary Lou, of course I have a awful lot to do. The film and the broadcasts and everything. But then, I'll have work, too. Anyhow, what we have free, we're going to spend together. We'll lunch at the Brown Derby and we'll dance at the Vendome and then—"

"Oh Lanny, please," I protested. "You know I want awfully to go to some of these places I've heard so much about, and I will do it. But I was sent out here to do a story and I've got to get it to New York by air mail as soon as I can. The story comes first."

He swung the car up in front of the Hotel Roosevelt.

"Not another word about it," he said, turning.

We paused at the entrance to the elevator.

"Can you be ready for dinner, Mary Lou, tomorrow night, say about 7:30?" I could.

It was after eight when we arrived at the Vendome. This is the place where the best people of Hollywood come to eat and dance. In fact, the first people I saw when I came in were the inimitable and devoted Bebe Daniels and Paul Lyon. There were others too, but I hardly paid any attention to anyone

else from the moment we sat down. It wasn't an intimate place certainly, but we just had so much to talk about.

Suddenly it was two o'clock in the morning. Where the time had gone, I didn't know. Nor did Lanny? And not even one word said about the reason I came to Hollywood.

"Tell me Lanny," I said, glancing about the Vendome, "would you like to be like these stars? Live in Hollywood all the time? Marry and settle down here? Be part of its social life?"

Lanny grinned. "What is this, the interview?" he asked.

"It is," I said firmly, "and I'm going to make you talk even if it's only one sentence each day I'm here."

"So let's have another cup of coffee," Lanny hummed softly, signalling the waiter.

I frowned.

"Oh, all right," Lanny said hastily. "The answer is, I don't know. I'd like to be like some stars here. Perhaps like Ben and Bebe. Would you like to live here, Mary Lou?"

"Right now, I think, forever," I answered.

And that was all I was able to find out from him that night.

I slept late the next morning and I didn't see Lanny until we met for lunch at the Brown Derby. Here, I reflected as we sat down in a booth, is the place to get him to talk. So nice and intimate.

Lanny talked all right. But all he'd do was ask me questions about the folks on Show Boat. How was Cap'n Henry? And why didn't I bring Mrs. Jamieson along so he'd have some decent coffee. And he'd bought a little present for her, but he wouldn't tell me what it was.

THIS life was lovely. I had always been under the impression that all the movie celebrities were a busy folk. They are, too. But lots of them who came into the Brown Derby that day just seemed to want to talk and talk. Which was exactly what we'd like to have done, except that we had our Show Boat rehearsal that afternoon.

"You're coming over to the Paramount lot early tomorrow morning and see me work," Lanny told me as we left rehearsal.

It was certainly surprising to see how early the stars are up and about. Lanny took me down the little street inside the lot to one of the small bungalows which lined it. We went inside. It was charming. In fact everything one could wish for in a cottage for two. I thought how many couples would be content to live their whole lives in a tiny place like this. In the studio, Lanny led me to a car-

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was shut. On the back was painted, "Lanny Ross." I sat and watched him work. It's hard work, don't you think for a minute it isn't. But Lanny sang as I think I never heard him sing before.

He was very tired Friday. I could see that so much work was becoming a bit of a strain on him. Really I didn't dare press him for the interview then. In fact I ordered him to go and rest and promised to forget the interview until Monday. I'd have to get the story then.

Lanny called for me in his car early Monday morning.

"We're going to the Santa Monica Beach Club today," he said as he started. "How about spending the day there. You can swim, lie in the sun, rest."

The idea really thrilled me. To go to Santa Monica to one of the most exclusive beach clubs for the Hollywood celebrities.

We were stent as we dined along the broad highway. The country was beautiful. Hibiscus was everywhere. The sunshine was clean and bright. Everything looked as though nature had suddenly decided to do a great job of well-ordered landscape gardening. The low hills were green and purple. They looked like the creation of some superb designer.

For a moment we paused on the great veranda of the club to look out at the ocean. Soft white lines of surf curled in on the blue blue sea. As we turned to go to our dressing rooms, a smart, mannishly tailored woman wearing dark glasses passed us. Walking beside her was a ten- or ten-year-old blonde girl. It was from her face that I knew who the woman was. Marlene Dietrich. The little daughter looks very much like her.

AS I sat under the beach umbrella waiting for Lanny, I amused myself trying to pick out some of the movie idols. Many of them were wearing dark glasses. It wasn't easy. I had passed Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone on the way down from my dressing room. A moment later I realized Luscious Lupe must be somewhere about, for I had seen Johnny Weissmuller trot down the beach and plunge his magnificent shoulders into the surf.

Then Lanny came striding down the

beach to me. Tall, bronzed and firm, he made a handsome figure. The sun caught little lights in his eyes. Suddenly I realized I had passed on a movie star on the beach. A stranger. Our own Lanny of the 'Boat' was really a movie celebrity.

We spent a glorious day. We lay in the sun. We dined at great places dining room that looked out over the sea. It was so beautiful that even I forgot the story.

It really was terrible the way the few. Of course I don't mean really terrible. But I had come out to see Lanny and to get a story, and for RADIO STARS, and what if the world was I going to tell the editors didn't get it? And my Columbia sers had been so nice to give me a job.

The next Thursday night, the day before I was to leave, we went for a drive along the coast. We were happy. These California evenings areprisingly cool, after the warm day. We drove silently for miles. I smothered all the seriousness I could.

"Tell me Mr. Ross," I said, "are you going to devote your life to the radio? Do you intend to pursue your career?"

"Well now," he said, "you tell this. They're one of the greater drums of entertainment. But on the other hand, isn't radio greater? It goes into so many homes and hearts."

"Really, Lanny, you're so exasperated sometimes. It's as hard to get a statement out of you as out of Doug Fairbank his divorcee."

"No, Mary Lou," he answered, "at least it all. I'm really serious. I know how fond I am of Cap'n Henry, Mrs. Janneson and Tiny Ruffner and Brad and those dawgone, sho' 'nucals Molasses 'n' January and all the rest. And all the listeners who are so fond of us. And especially you, Mary Lou."

"Lanny, please, I'm trying to interview you."

But I couldn't get any more out of him. Perhaps I'm not a good reporter. Perhaps I should give up the ambition to write and stick to my singing on the Maxwell House Show Boat. What do you think?

Kings Like It Hot

(Continued from page 23)

when he hit Paris for a wicked European slicker had stolen his drums on the way from Dieppe to Paris.

When he arrived back in this country last January he had both NBC and Columbia bidding for his services. "The funny part of it is," he said, "that back in 1924 I had no more idea of playing for kings and duchesses than I had of dropping in on the Vanderbilts for Sunday morning waffles."

Drums are what did it. He had gone to London with Paul Whiteman's band and, when the engagement was over, decided to revisit Paris which he had seen during the war.

It must have been something better for Ludwig became very, very sick crossing the English Channel. As the boat neared Dieppe a sympathetic lady and a gentleman solicitously offered him a glass of water. The next morning Ludwig was in the picturesque Place de la Made in Paris minus his gold-mounted bass and \$500. "They were such a nice couple too," Ludwig told the French police. The French police merely shrugged their shoulders. "You are an American, therefore you are crazy," they replied happily.

That was Gluskin's introduction to Europe.

RADIO STARS

ONLY once in the following ten years did he ever have anything to do with European police. It was in Venice when he reported the loss of a tiny pin. "But you couldn't have lost it!" the official exclaimed incredulously.

It was then that Ludwig delivered his epic: "I couldn't? Say, I lost a bass drum once!"

This, of course, was no way to start in to meet royalty, but as Gluskin said, reaching for his third bottle of beer, "you never can tell whom you're going to run into these days."

"I hung around Paris until I landed a job playing drums in a French orchestra at the Perroquet. The leader of the band was a Frenchman who had a habit of not showing up for work, so I would lead the band."

"One night Albert, the maitre de hotel, asked me why I didn't organize my own band. I did, and the following summer I went to play at Le Touquet, the Channel resort frequently visited by English royalty, where Albert had a job at the new Royal Picardy Hotel."

ALTHOUGH young Ludwig didn't know it at the time, Fate, in the form of Albert, had taken him firmly by the hand and was leading him on to Destiny. "I had been there a week," Gluskin relates, "when, on a Saturday night, Albert came skating across the ballroom floor, his face lit up like a new moon and his eyes turned up to the ceiling as if he had caught a celestial vision. We were playing for a party given by Mrs. Robert Sweeney, the American hostess, and I was in the middle of 'Ain't We Got Fun?'"

Albert pulled the young American band leader down to him and exclaimed: "Don't look around. And don't stop playing. His royal highness, the Prince of Wales, is on the floor!"

But let Gluskin tell the rest of it: "So I, of course, like a dummy, looked around and sure enough there was the Prince of Wales hoofing it with an American girl. And boy, was he hot!"

"Albert pulled desperately on my sleeve and I signaled the boys to keep on playing as long as they could hold out."

"It is the fashion," Albert told him, "never to stop playing while the Prince is on the floor."

"If the Prince can hold out, so can we," Gluskin shot back.

LUDWIG chuckled. "From that time on, it became a marathon. We swung into playing 'On the Alamo,' which was popular at the time and the Prince requested it again and again. He was on the floor an hour and a half and wore out three girls, all Americans. He's a swell dancer, boyish and likeable and we amused ourselves by stepping up the time a bit just to see him hop."

That was a momentous night for Gluskin. But the following day was even more exciting. A royal "command" came from the Prince to follow him to London and play for him there.

"He liked our music so well that we played for him often," Gluskin said. "He's crazy about dancing, and of all European royalty I consider him the best. He's young and modern and steps more like an American Harvard boy than a European."

The success of Gluskin and his music with the Prince of Wales made the band overnight the most sought after representative of jazz music in Europe. Society clamored for it and it became American Exhibit A before royalty.

"The kings and the princes like it hot. We found that out soon enough," Ludwig chuckled. "I thought they would go for the old, more stately European music, but when the Prince of Wales all but allowed us around Europe; and when King Alphonse dropped in unexpectedly at rehearsal at the Ritz in Paris and remained to host it the rest of the night, and when Crown Prince Wilhelm went nuts over 'Sonny Boy' in Berlin, while President Von Hindenberg sat by and chuckled, I began to figure I was all wrong."

"And here's the payoff," he added. "When I came back to America and had auditions at NBC and Columbia I gave them the best of the American music I had given royalty. And was there a squawk! They wanted European music. So here I am playing continental music in America."

After London, then Paris, Nice, Cannes, Biarritz, Monte Carlo, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Amsterdam, Budapest and Rome called for Gluskin and his band. "The idea began to get around that we were hot, and American hostesses, anxious to show off American jazz to distinguished European guests, gave us plenty of work."

ONE afternoon at the Ritz in Paris, Gluskin was rehearsing his band when a dark, suave, keen-faced gentleman with a little black mustache paused at the door of the ballroom to listen. He stood tapping his foot on the floor, his dark eyes glowing with appreciation of the primitive jazz music.

"I noticed him standing there," Gluskin relates, "and he came over and introduced himself. It was King Alphonse of Spain. I've never met a sweller guy. He was worldly and sophisticated, but quite affable and democratic—all big men are like that, kings or what have you? He knew his music, too, and explained that he was interested in the new American primitive music because Spain was a primitive country. So he felt that there was an affinity between the rhythms blended into American life from Africa and the folk music of Spain, stemming from the early Moors. During the whole rehearsal he stayed around and then returned that night to dance until morning."

The next day came a summons to play at a private party given for the Duke and Duchess of York. "We didn't know what to expect, and besides, I didn't feel any too good anyway," Gluskin admitted. "The maitre de hotel came to me very solemnly before the party and told me that we all must wear evening dress, and above all, not pay attention to royalty while they were dancing. It might embarrass them."

THAT was all right with us, until the Prince of Wales and the Prince of Monaco walked in wearing slacks and flannel shirts and the King of Sweden came in ducks. Boy, was it hot!

"The Duke and Duchess of York were formal, of course, and they danced that way. No pep. Just like you'd imagine King George and Queen Mary doing a waltz. We played some hot numbers and

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the younger members of the party out loose and had a good time.

"The King of Sweden didn't dance, but he liked our music, especially 'If You Knew Susie, Like I Know Susie.' We played it for him later at Stockholm.

"The Duke of Connaught, who dropped in that night and was present at other dances, became a jazz addict. He was too old to dance, but he loved the rhythms. I would watch his feet tapping on the floor and play the hottest things I could find. It made a young man out of him!"

Gluskin paused and reached for his beer. "As a matter of fact," he commented, "these kings were starved for hot stuff, but they dared not admit it. They had to behave, but I could see. To them, American jazz was the new thing of the world and they were anxious to get it.

"Why, old King Manuel of Portugal used to come in and sit around like a tired business man at the booths. If I had had a floor show with a dozen pretty girls, I could have started a revolution."

Kings are far too polite to show any public disapproval of music, Gluskin revealed. Nor do they applaud. If they don't like you, the next day a government man comes around and finds something the matter with your papers.

Little Ludwig had no trouble, however. He was selected to open the famous UFA movie palace in Berlin, a signal honor and

a come-stay to all American musicians.

"Crown Prince Wilhelm was there," he said. "He was bound to enter the royal box. Edward, President Van Hinderberg. Most of the royal family was present. I gave them everything I had for I was in the greatest music-lover nation in Europe—and they loved it."

In Copenhagen, Gluskin played for the King of Denmark, who, he declares, is the liveliest of monarchs, still warming a fire. "These northern people are nearest to us in temperament. They may not quite understand American music, but they like us. Of all Europe, our music goes best in Germany and, surprisingly enough, in Holland. The Dutch love it hot too. They'd tear down their desks for Cab Calloway or Duke Ellington."

Ludwig looked into his empty beer glass reflectively. "Kings are no different than other people. They step out just about like the business man over here, maybe with a little more trapping. But if anything, I think we're hotter than the American business man. It may be something in their blood, but it seems to me that they react quicker to jazz music. They're more or less like the young people over here. They've got rhythms. And don't think because some of them are old, and just sit on a throne, that they're all through! Boy, you don't know nothing. Kings like it hot."

Babies Wanted

(Continued from page 23)

little stranger who may be exactly opposite them in disposition. Do they accept her traits and love her just the same? No, they begin to make her over. And you know what happens when you try to change a child completely, how you bring everything bad out and discard the good. Thwarted from becoming what Nature intended, the child grows into a rebellious, heart-broken, wretched misfit."

You've heard how Jack Pearl, with a quarter of a million dollars, has never been able to get the one thing out of life he wants. The dreams of success he and his pretty wife, Winifred Desbrough, labored for were fulfilled, but the dreams that every couple has of children and a home were swept away.

Now Jack Pearl is going to adopt two children, a boy of about eight months and a little girl. *The Cradle* is trying to fill his order. When Mrs. Pearl comes back from Europe late in October, the baby or babies should be ready for delivery. He'd like the boy first.

"All we ask," Jack told me, "is that the babies be normally intelligent. I don't care what they look like. They can be ugly and puny and underweight. I'm not a beauty myself. We want to get babies who need us, for dimpled darlings can find some one to take care of them soon enough. Lots of folks, I know, feel that the babies have got to come of married parents, but our babies can be love-children. Doctors, you know, say they are usually the cream of the crop."

As for the risk he's taking, Jack Pearl pooh-hoos it. Everything that's worth-

while in life is a risk," he says. "When you adopt a baby you pick an almost sure winner. For he begins paying heavy dividends in love and joy the minute you pick him up. Within a few years your investment has tripled and multiplied many times in value, and the older you become the more valuable he grows."

The more you talk to radio stars the more convinced you become they expect to corner the baby market this fall.

"The way I look at it," Jack Denny told me, "is that you've got to take a chance in everything, so why talk at adopting a youngster? Lots of people who adopt them are disappointed. I know, but then there are an equal number of parents who are disappointed in their own off-spring."

"My mother and dad had doubts of how I'd turn out and there were times when they felt sure I was headed for the dogs. Your mother probably worried about you. For seven years Merle and I have been married and we haven't any children. We're not waiting any longer for the stork. Right now Merle is out looking for a little boy to adopt and our friends are all inquiring around for us."

The Dennys want a boy about a year old, with blond hair and blue eyes, like Mrs. Denny's. No foundling or illegitimate youngsters for them. Its parents have to be upright, honest people so that when the boy gets to be about ten, and they explain that he is adopted, he will have nothing to be ashamed of in his heredity.

What of the radio stars who have already adopted children? How do they

feel about the whole perplexing matter? For instance, there's Ray Perkins, who adopted Wendy Gay about two years ago. So attached have the Perkins become to the little one that they stiffen up when someone reminds them she's not their own flesh and blood.

THEN there's Morton Downey, who also has an adopted son, Michael, as well as his own boy, Morton, Jr.

Several months after the curly-haired tot had come to rule the Downey household Morton and Barbara realized they were going to have a baby. But give up Michael? Not if they could help it, for they were as fond of the chubby, mischievous youngster as if he were their own. "He'll be a companion to Morton, Jr.," they said after their first-born arrived.

Isham Jones, the bandmaster and songwriter, has a little boy, David. Perhaps you didn't know that David is an adopted child. Yes, of course he looks like Mrs. Jones, but nevertheless he came to the Jones ready-made.

The story of how he became young Master Jones hasn't been told before. "Our David came rather suddenly," Margaret Jones said. "While I was visiting a friend at a maternity hospital, a nurse came in carrying a tiny, red-faced, screaming, kicking baby. 'Poor kid,' she said, 'his mother has just died and nobody wants him. I don't blame him for bawling!'"

Margie felt an unexpected clutch at her heart. She had always wanted a baby, but Isham, man-like, couldn't see taking someone else's child. When the subject of adoption is first broached, most men feel that way.

Here was a darling pink and white mite, literally theirs for the asking. "That's my boy," she announced to the startled nurse. "I'm coming back for him."

Almost before he realized what had happened, Isham Jones had succumbed to the charms of the little tot and David was installed as reigning monarch in the Jones apartment. There he rules his kingdom with an iron hand, interrupting Isham when Isham is practicing or composing and getting his "dada" down on all fours for a horseback ride. Yet the thin-lipped, stern-faced Isham Jones actually enjoys being bossed around by this two-and-a-half-foot bundle of humanity.

Now the latest news along radio row is that Jack Benny and Mary Livingston, inspired by the experience of couples who have adopted babies, are in the market for a baby girl, while Al Jolson says that if the stork doesn't deliver a baby to him and Ruby Keeler pretty soon, he'll be shopping around for a ready-made little Al, Jr.

And that's what's happening along the ether lane, a mad rush for babies to adopt. So if you know of any toddlers that could stand adopting, why, just let your pet childless star know about him.

WSM—Where They Believe Most Folk Are Fine and Friendly

(Continued from page 59)

goal—public service.

But the time came that increased power and extended services were necessary to the advancement of the station and its purposes. All of us know that costs money. The directors got their heads together and started figuring. "If we sell four programs," they said, "the problem will be solved." Only four, mind you.

The salesmen went out. Within one hour the four programs were sold. And about a dozen others were turned down. If four would do the trick, only four would be sold. Those were the orders. You can imagine the scramble of Nashville business men to buy that air-time.

This is where Harry Stone comes into the picture. He had been running a small station in Nashville, but now that WSM was doing commercial work, he was called to assist Director Hay.

TRY as hard as we may, we can't keep "The Grand Old Op'ry" out of the picture. It seems that WSM's history weaves around that show. Between 1928 and 1932 it grew in popularity by leaps and bounds. And first thing he knew, George D. Hay was the "Solemn Old Judge" on a four-hour "Op'ry" instead of the one hour show it started out to be. So in November, 1932, Stone was made the station's manager, and Hay became the chief character actor and publicity director.

The station continued to grow. Stone developed the commercial side of the station and put it on a paying scale. But, remember, he maintained all of the good-will features which had given this station its individuality.

Right off the bat he increased the power from 5000 to 50,000 watts. And 878 feet up in the air rose America's tallest antenna. And, for that matter, the tallest structure of any kind in America excepting New York's Empire State Building.

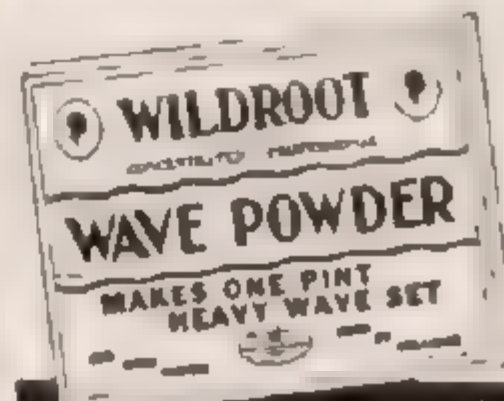
It's a beautiful sight, that antenna. Standing in the center of a thirty-five acre tract twelve miles out of Nashville, it towers up like a silver streak against the green background of the Tennessee mountains. Only a few feet in diameter at the bottom, it bulges at the center and then tapers into a point. Eight big guy wires, heavily anchored in ten feet of concrete on a bed of solid rock, hold it up as programs are shot out from it into space seventeen and a half hours daily.

Nashville is proud of WSM. It should be, for Nashville is a city of diversified interests and it has been WSM's job to cater to them all. Vanderbilt University, George Peabody College for Teachers, Fisk University, Ward-Belmont College for Women, Scarritt College, the Nashville Conservatory of Music—all have been afforded the use of WSM. Nashville is the political center of the state where is



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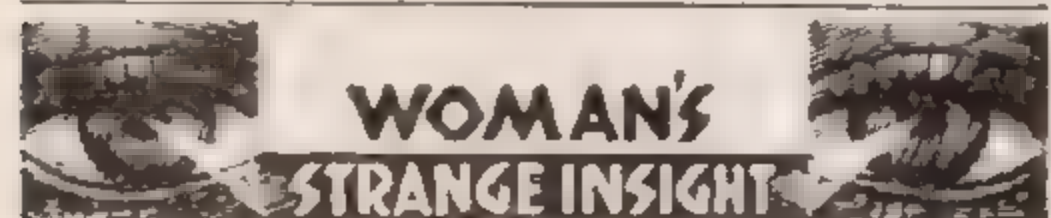
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located the heads of the state government and many state institutions. None are ever refused the use of WSM. It is a historical center, the headquarters of many religious faiths, and you will find that reflected in WSM's list of programs. Out in the hills that surround the city, are the mountaineers, plain people of simple means. They, too, have influenced the station.

BUT you already know that WSM has served these interests. The Fisk Jubilee Singers first went on the air from this station. "The Grand Old Opry" is the kind of entertainment closest to the heart of its rural listeners. It has fostered real American folk music, and everyone knows that its programs of Negro dialect are as real as possible for a white man to devise.

Then, too, WSM has been an NBC outlet since 1926, and broadcasts some of the finest programs available from NBC studios in New York, Chicago and other points. Perhaps you will recall incidents where NBC has looked to WSM for talent and programs.

I think you ought to know of some of the real tangible services this station has

performed. Do you remember the terrible disaster in Florida in 1926? Well WSM knew that people in that state were suffering and were in dire need of food and clothing.

WSM told their listeners about it. Soon an appeal was a thing new to radio in these days. Programs were interrupted while announcers read messages asking for any donation at all to relieve the sufferers.

Those listeners responded to the tune of \$65,000 which was turned over to the Red Cross.

On another occasion, when the state of Mississippi was drenched in floods, WSM again put the disaster before its listeners. Had they forgotten the joy they had in helping Florida? Would they rally again? Within a few days WSM received \$30,000. And in big contributions, mind you. Just a lot of pennies and quarters and dollar bills—some from mountain farmers to whom a dime meant a bigger sacrifice than a million dollars would mean to a Rockefeller or a Henry Ford.

Yes a spirit of real Southern hospitality pervades WSM. That's the spirit on which it operates.

WSM Is Proudest of Its "Grand Old Opry"

(Continued from page 61)

the regular rates to advertise on this show.

Judge Hay, the father of the idea, and still the "Solemn Old Judge" stepped on as WSM's manager because of "The Grand Old Opry." The program grew to such size that he had to give it his entire time. That's now important a show it is.

Now here's something unusual. Every time the "Opry" goes on the air, Robert Lunn sings two numbers, one of which is always "The Talking Blues." He has sung that song hundreds of times. You'd think people would get tired of it. Instead, they demand it every week.

Uncle Dave Macon, troubador of the Tennessee hills for some forty years, is one of the main attractions. He's sixty-four and the father of eight grown sons. Uncle Dave is always there playing his

banjo and singing "Old Dan Tucker," "Whisper 'em Up, Girls," and "The Hungry Hash House on the Hill." He still lives on the farm where he was born.

Dr. Bate, who presents his "Possum Hunters," is a country doctor from near Gallatin, Tennessee, who practices medicine at any hour except Saturdays from 8 to 12 midnight. Then he's on the air.

You'd think that one such unusual program would be enough for one station. Well, WSM is not satisfied with that.

Listen in on the Pan American broadcast.

RAILS chime. A long low whistle in the distance and then the thunder of a locomotive is followed by the whiz of a crack train. You can hear this picture in

(Continued on page 94)

RADIO STARS Cooking School

(Continued from page 61)

for apples a bit too far, don't you think?" Martha broke in with a smile. "But though the apple pie was greeted with laughter at that particular meal it has since become one of our favorite desserts. The maid does something to the crust which makes it superb and cooks it in a big, square pan instead of in the usual round pie tin. And she always serves cream with it. It's divine!"

"It's not one bit better than my apple pie," Vet claimed, interrupting us. "I've never learned to make pastry," she confessed, "so when someone suggested that

I use graham cracker crust I thought I'd try it out. The very next time the maid had her day off I invaded the kitchen and made both the girls do a part of the job, too. I can assure you that that was one time when too many cooks didn't spoil the broth—or should I say the pie."

"It may surprise you," said Connie proudly, "but we're really very good cooks!"

"Well," I replied, "all I can do is answer you as Samuel Johnson answered another Boswell, his biographer James, a hundred years or so ago, 'The surprise

RADIO STARS

is not that you can do it well, but that you can do it at all!"

AND my surprise was genuine for I had discovered that not only could the girls cook—which I already knew—but they also baked in oils, make their own musical arrangements and play several musical instruments. But I was especially pleased to discover that besides being able to cook, they were skilled hostesses with that graciousness which has made Southern hospitality famous the world over (Connie and Martha are from N'Orleans, you know). That's why I am so delighted to pass on to other hostesses the recipes I got from me by the Boswells. I have had these recipes made up into a little folder which will be sent to you free if you'll fill out the coupon at the end of this article and mail it to me. The cards on which these recipes are printed are just the right size for putting into those inexpensive little filing cabinets which can be purchased at almost any stationery counter. It's the time for all good housewives to come to the aid of their family—by keeping a complete file of RADIO STARS Cooking School recipes.

While you're waiting impatiently for a set of recipes to arrive, try this Apple Pudding using the delicious early fall apples now so plentiful. This is my own recipe and I'm dedicating it to the Boswells in return for their kindness in giving them recipes to the readers of RADIO STARS.

HOT APPLE PUDDING

Apple Filling

- 6 medium size apples (greenings)
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon

Batter for Pudding

- 4 tablespoons butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup sifted cake flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Peel and core apples and cut into eighths. Combine with $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar, mixed with cinnamon. Turn into greased deep baking dish. Cover and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes. Meanwhile make pudding batter.

Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat thoroughly. Sift flour, measure and sift together with baking powder and salt three times. Add dry mixture to butter mixture alternately with the milk, a little at a time. Add vanilla and beat until smooth. Remove apples from oven after 15 minutes of baking and reduce heat to moderate (350° F.).

Press apples down with back of mixing spoon, pour batter over them, evenly. Return to oven and cook uncovered 45 minutes longer, or until straw or cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Serve with slightly sweetened cream or a lemon sauce.

By sending in for the recipes this month you will start off in fine style with Vet's Graham Apple Pie which you'll surely want to have after seeing the picture of the girls in the process of making it and after casting a hungry look at the other picture which shows the finished product. Then there's the Spice Apple Pie that completed that amusing apple meal we were speaking about and I can tell you this special dessert is no laughing matter—it's that good. I also prevailed upon the Boswell cook to part with her Dutch Apple Cake recipe for you, or should I confess that I really wanted it for my files after hearing Martha describe it as her favorite apple dessert. Well, no matter, I have it now, and you may have it, too. The fourth Boswell treat is a recipe for Apple Jam which the girls brought "up North" with them. It's an old New Orleans specialty, quite spicy, of course, as that is characteristic of Creole cookery. When you've once made this jam you'll want to have jars and jars of it on hand. (And this year try sealing these jars and others as well with the new transparent discs closely resembling cellophane which are absolutely airtight, easy to apply and fit any shape jar. They're economical, too.)

Incidentally, when using these Boswell recipes remember that apples should be cooked in granite, glass or earthen utensils and should be stirred with silver, wooden or granite spoons.

And now, no matter how true and time worn it may seem, I'm going to do just what you've been expecting me to do all along. I'm going to quote that all too familiar "An apple a day keeps the doctor away" line—not because I labor under the delusion that it's an original observation, but because I want you to realize that there's a great deal more truth than poetry in that statement. You see, apples are rich in minerals in easily assimilated forms. An apple in its raw state is excellent for the teeth, too, for the juices are cleansing and the fruit itself is just hard enough to work wonders upon the gums. Then as crowning arguments in favor of this King of Fruits let me point out that apples aid digestion, tend to keep the brain clear and make people sweet tempered! It's a fact! Ah, that explains why the Boswells are so nice. Now you'll surely want to send for their recipes—quick!

This is the RADIO STARS Cooking School, signing off until next month. Good afternoon, everybody.



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WSM Is Proudest of Its "Grand Old Opry"

(Continued from page 92)

sound every afternoon during the week as the famous Pan American, Louisville and Nashville Railroad ace train, passes America's tallest radio tower, the engineering home of WSM.

Actually, WSM has a tiny house only a few feet from the rails. Every day at 5 p. m. a microphone is hung from the front door. As the train roars down the track, it automatically throws on a bell signal in the house. The mike is turned on. The whistle blows. And WSM broadcasts the passing of the Pan American. The whole show lasts only three minutes, commercial announcement and all. And it's the same every day. Yet Nashville stops its work to listen. And people all over middle America set their clocks by it.

Another show that has reached amazing heights is "Uncle Wash and The Solemn Old Judge." Hay again is the judge. As you know, this is a program in Negro dialect, presented by people who really know Negro life. Back in 1928, Uncle Wash, the old Negro character, took an imaginary trip on his mule named "Dynamite." During the course of the trip, Dynamite and Uncle Wash were arrested for not using a tail light. After that program, listeners sent in dozens of tail lights for Dynamite. And there were so many letters expressing sorrow for Uncle Wash and disgust for the officers who arrested him, that the writer of the radio script had to write Uncle Wash and Dynamite out of the jail and make things end happily.

There are a lot of artists at this station, all working together in friendly fashion. Christine Lamb, a contralto, is a girl to whom WSM points with pride. You see she represented Tennessee twice in the national Atwater Kent auditions. She is a member of the Sacred Concert Group, the Mixed Quartet, the WSM soloist and then finds time enough to act as the sta-

tion's hostess. If you have ever received a letter from WSM, she was probably one who dictated it.

JOSEPH MACPHERSON is an actor who has made good in a big way. He appeared on the opening program of WSM when the station went on the air Oct. 5, 1925. A short time afterward he signed by the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York as one of its lead bass baritones. After six years with "Met," Macpherson has returned to WSM.

Southern people know how to stage minstrel shows, and WSM has engaged Lasses White and his partner, Honey Wilds, to do it up in grand style. Lass is an old timer at the business. He began his career with the famous Honey Evans twenty-one years ago and took Honey Boy's place when he died. Lass has acted with Al G. Field and M. O'Brien. Now he's heading his own show at Nashville and has never lacked commercial sponsor. Honey Wilds, partner, is a jolly, fat fellow chock full of fun and with a dancing pair of feet.

It is remarkable how many of the national network's biggest stars come from this station. James Melton, the tenor who plays both NBC and CBS, is one. He used to play the saxophone in Francis Craigmiles' orchestra at WSM. Smilin' Ed McCormack made his re-entry into radio from WSM. The Pickard Family was featured on "Grand Old Opry" in 1925-26. M. Nolan, an entertainer there two years ago, was recently signed by NBC. Irvin Beazley of NBC was on one of WSM's first commercials. The Fiske Jub Singers first sang over the network from Nashville. The Vagabonds, an NBC money trio, came from the same place.

And so this important station goes daily growing greater and becoming an enjoyable part of our lives.




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The High Cost of Love on Radio Row

(Continued from page 25)

exactly the same complaints about his ex-wife!

No wonder Glenn is a little bitter. He recently married again and his expenses must be pretty steep all around.

Dave Rubinoff has been in show business for twenty years, now he's beginning to find out about the high cost of love. First Peggy Garcia sued him for \$100,000 for breach of promise. The moment his ex-wife read about that suit, she decided it was time for her to sue Dave too. If a girl no one had ever heard about could demand that much money, wasn't his ex-wife entitled to more? It was true that seven years ago they had been divorced without alimony, but it's never too late to start a lawsuit. She's suing for \$169,000.

Dave is overwhelmed by the whole thing. Is this all love means to women, a bill to be presented at the proper time, with a price for every kiss?

The suit by Peggy Garcia he labels "blackmail." But he is amazed to find that the woman he was married to for five years is putting a price on their love now.

MAYBE you think that all this doesn't concern you. You're as free as the air, and you've made up your mind to stay that way. If you get tired of that blonde whom you held so close in your arms last night (and was she willing, brother, there'll be a redhead along tomorrow).

The blonde sue you? She'd only be making a sap of herself if she did. On your

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ter O'Keefe, is heard on the Camel Cigarette program over CBS.

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"disturbance centre" in subconscious generating powerful negative forces causing self-consciousness, lack of confidence, nervous manner, worry and timidity, lack of Joy in Living, rise, weakness of will and indecision, habits, fullness and lack of concentration, and which crown up with you from the forgotten past from forces outside your control. To struggle against personality-weakening forces is in vain—**RE-BUILD THEM ALTOGETHER** by reconstructing in yourself a powerful positive subconscious to carry you forward—confident, vibrant, cheerful—to a happier, fuller, more successful life.

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twenty dollars a week, a heck of a lot she could get from you.

But don't go so fast, Big Boy. Perhaps you dream of being a radio big shot some day. Perhaps some day your dreams may come true. Stranger things have happened. And when they do come true, you Great Big Lover, you, that blonde may still get you.

Radio stars are often asked to pay the price for the loves of their salad days.

Look at what happened to Paul Whiteman. When Paul was a boy of eighteen, a fiddler in a little theatre in Denver, he fell in love with Nellie Stack a girl in the chorus, with black hair and black eyes.

Eighteen-year-old Paul married the little chorus girl. It was a secret, romantic elopement. And right after it happened, Nellie's mamma rushed out to Denver to scold her little girl for going on the stage. Not knowing that her daughter was married, she took her to Europe. When they came back, Paul was waiting for Nellie. When Mama heard they were married, she was aghast. What, her little girl had married without her permission! And they had been married by a squire! It was quite terrible of them. But since they'd done it anyway, the proper thing to do was to be married all over again by a priest. Mama Stack had her way. They were re-married by Father Foley at the Holy Church.

Nellie and Paul lived together for only a few months. Paul claimed later that his wife deserted him. Mama Stack claimed later that Paul deserted Nellie. Perhaps the saddest part of the whole story is that a son was born to Nellie in May, 1909, and died in September of the same year without Paul ever laying eyes on him. And now mark what happened.

The years went by. The fiddler of the little Denver theatre became a nationally known master of red-hot rhythms. Paul Whiteman had come into his own.

SEVENTEEN years after he and his wife parted—seventeen years, mind you—Nellie's mama launched a \$10,000 suit against him. She claimed that this was the amount she had spent caring for her daughter after Paul deserted her.

Of course Paul should have fought the case. But a man can take just so much and no more. If Paul Whiteman's name had been dragged through any more mud, whether he was innocent or guilty in the sight of a higher court than any that could ever try him here, the result would have been the same. His career would have been wrecked. Paul settled for \$7,750 just before the case went to trial. That was the price he paid for a few brief months of love.

I daresay that Paul has paid as high a price for love as any man on Radio Row. Paul Whiteman has loved madly, impetuously many times in his glamorous career. And almost every time, at the end of the road, he has found that love had a price tag attached to it.

You see, Margaret Livingston is his fourth wife.

I'm not defending Paul for marrying so many times. I'm just pointing out the high cost of being so affectionate. I don't know how much alimony he paid to "Jimmy" Smith, who divorced him in Los Angeles in 1922. But the alimony he pays



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Vanda Holt, the dancer, from whom he was divorced in 1931, will take your breath away. Six hundred snickers a week! To be sure they have a son, Paul Jr., to provide for. But even so...

ARTHUR TRACY, the Sweet Singer, found his career wrecked when Mrs. Tracy started divorce proceedings against him. The sordid details of their life together were rehearsed for the whole world. When Mrs. Tracy testified in court that Arthur beat her, there was no use in his singing over the radio. All I got the whole night through is dream of you. He was ordered to pay \$100 a week temporary alimony until the Supreme Court referee could determine the amount he was able to pay.

He had been built up as a romantic figure and his love romance as an idyll. Now the public is bitterly disillusioned. What sponsor would back Arthur Tracy now, what broadcasting company throw the weight of its publicity in his favor? There is a price to be paid for love on Radio Row and a price to be paid for talking out of love.

Freddy Rich almost paid that price. So did Phil Baker.

Peggy Lawson Rich filed a suit, suit asking for \$700 a week alimony. Court decided that Fred was to pay sixty dollars a week temporary alimony.

Fred was convinced that the woman had loved and ignored all the women who gaily, which later proved. So, unfortunately, Fred had to pay Peggy the \$700 a week alimony.

Verna Vernon, Phil Baker's ex-girlfriend, betrayed or love and trust. She demanded \$500 a week alimony as the price of a love that was dead. And Phil had to pay that \$500 to this day. It is not a terribly discovered story.

It is a radio big shot has the money to pay it all in love when he is already married. He will always have to pay a price as the cost of his love.

When George Jessel fell in love with Norma Talma, his wife Florence, when he was separated and from her had already been divorced once, she was a mother of \$100,000. And George Norma guaranteed it.

And now aren't you glad that you are a radio star and can still make love to your little trouble next door?

Backstage at "The Spotlight Revue"

(Continued from page 2)

instead a typewriter. Then she won the Atwater Kent audition in 1936 and she's been riding the wings of success ever since.

Say, what's this? Crumit and Announcer Von Zell are both talking at once. Well, here's something. See? Crumit is out there in front of the curtain. That's Von Zell behind the scenes, over there in the corner. The tall blond, athletic looking fellow. He talks to that mike as if it were a person. "Forty-five minutes of entertainment from the beer that made Milwaukee famous! SCHLITZ—Schlitz Beer!"

That's what the folks at home are hearing. But Crumit's voice isn't traveling the air. He's not talking into a mike yet. He's out there welcoming the studio audience. Telling them how to behave. To have a good time. It's their program. "Clap and laugh right out loud if you feel like it. And sing! If you can't sing good, sing loud!" He waves them into an old favorite tune.

The curtain soars up to their laughing and singing. Vic has his light flannel coat on now and is batoning his men with as much pep as the ork leader at a college prom. The fellows are in white slacks and their shirts are open at the collar. Every man's foot beats time to his music. Von Zell tilts the mike stand toward him. He's introducing the stars.

Listen to this. Notice the way Vic glides into a different strain introducing each star. The tune spots the star you'll hear. Everett Marshall's is "That's Why Darkies Are Born;" Frank Crumit's, "Gay Caballero;" Carol Deis', "With a Song in My Heart;" the Eight Gentlemen from Milwaukee, "It's Always Fair Weather." And Colonel Stoppa and Budd—suddenly the orchestra breaks off in mid air. The

plaintive wailing of the mighty gas-train thrums our ears—"I Love Coffee." The orchestra crashes down on it and whole cast draws the groans with "and Warner." Look at your stop watch all this in less than two minutes. 2 speed, what?

Our own information bureau is at the mike to tell us what's what and who's who. Frank Crumit, the singing ringmaster.

Everybody knows the big genial Crumit. Quickly he swings the stars through the paces. Remember there's only forty minutes for all this great army of talent to entertain you. Crumit starts it off with an amusing little song of his own. Next how he colors the brief moments between the performers with his good humor. That same humor he's transformed a whole theatre of old New Yorkers into a gathering of friendly homefolk with some their lips and their faces wrinkled in laughter.

Look how that chap's face lights up when Frank presents him. It's Everett Marshall. He's got a record to be proud of, too. These people work a lot harder to get to the top than you'd ever guess. This brown-curl head, Marshall, started his musical career as waterboy at Worcester Music Festival when he was only fourteen. Such artists as Caruso, Rosa Ponselle spurred him with ambition.

Some few have gone from musical comedy to grand opera. But Marshall set precedent for the star who makes his debut in grand opera then goes into talkies. Next follows this with musical comedies. Next appears on the radio networks.

No wonder you get thrills up and down your spine when his baritone notes ring through the air. They awaken slumbering adventure to life. Look at the way



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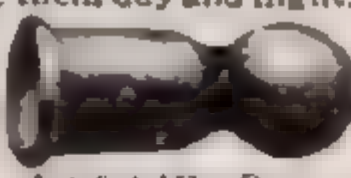
Those months before baby comes put such a heavy strain on mother's muscles, that she frequently suffers for years.

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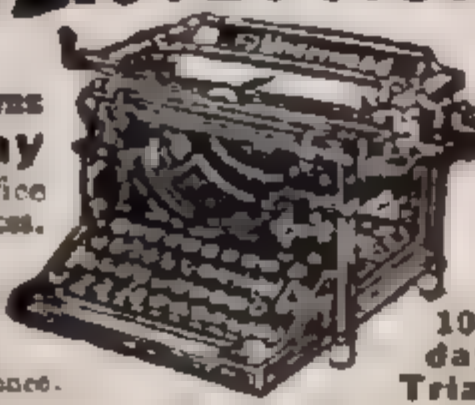
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stands. Head thrown back and knees bent. Looks as if he's going in two directions at once. His chest swells and the cords stand out in his neck. He has on his coat now, but you expect it to be jerked off any minute.

Recognize the stooped old fellow hobbling up to the mike as the last notes of Marshall's song cuts the air? I mean that white-haired old gentleman with the stray beard. He's wearing a red sweater. That's Uncle Abner of the querulous old voice—it's young Parker Fennelly, who's been taking character parts since he was a boy in school.

Oh look. Here comes Stoop and Budd. Those favorite idiots who are always tied up with their gas organ. See—Budd's dragging the broad beamed, beetle-browed Colonel out on the stage in the darn thing. And do they like color? Look at that gilt and red contraption. A wagon like any kid would make with four wheels and a soap box. With the exception that these prize dumbbells have nailed half a dozen stove pipes on the front and added a few old organ keys.

Budd must have some good ones up his sleeve tonight. Look at the way his face crinkles up and his shrewd eyes twinkle. This blond Budd is just the best egg-onner ever, gets the Colonel all twisted up in his jokes. Don't feel badly because they're rushing away. They'll be back, you can always depend on that.

The Master of Ceremonies is at the mike again. Carol Deis is going to sing. Notice how the whole place quiets into breathless expectancy. She's the girl, you remember, we saw knitting. She's holding her hand to her ear to distinguish the trueness of the notes of her love song.

The jolly gang who chime in on the chorus of her song are those inimitable Eight Gentlemen from Milwaukee. They look like the old college glee club, don't they? Short, dark, tall, light, thin and chubby, they represent an octette of swell voices for song and speaking. By the way they provide all the extra speaking voices on the program.

Uncle Abner is hobbling back now to lose a case of Schlitz to his nephew Crumit on the song guessing. Listen to the way the audience joins in on the choruses of the old favorites.

Quick, quick. Look at the chubby Colonel. The roly poly. With nothing on but a tiger skin. He's rushing down the aisle. The crowd is going wild. Thursday his man (Budd) who used to be his man Friday, but who had to take a cut like everybody else these days, catches up with him. I'll bet Budd hasn't a shirt under that huge necktie. He certainly doesn't need one for covering, anyway.

Did you ever see such prize half wits? One night it's a tiger skin, another time a long black frock coat and stovepipe hat. Loin cloth and boots. Sleeveless shirts and shirtless sleeves. You certainly can depend on them for a laugh. Television can't arrive too soon to keep us home when such comedians are dished up for our amusement.

With a crash the orchestra swings the cast into song and the curtain goes down and home we must go. Say, look at the performers making a dive for their hats and the stage door. Speed up. They'll be out of here before we are.

At a dance or dinner
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Strictly Confidential

(Continued from page 13)

radio songstress at Chicago's Open Air Art Fair in Grant Park, Chicago.

Don, who is on the Art Fair roster, studied in the Layton Art School in Milwaukee and for several years held down a job as cartoonist and radio editor, first in Milwaukee and later in Louisville. He has since gained fame on National Broadcasting Company networks as one of the "Two Professors," and is now heard as master of ceremonies on the Climalene Carnival and the Breakfast Club.

Miss Page modeled for the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* covers by McMein and Brunner, and once posed for the nurse on a Red Cross poster. She would still be a professional model, probably, if she hadn't won a Paul Whiteman audition two years ago. She was immediately signed as featured singer with Seymour Simons' orchestra. In May, 1934, she joined the National Broadcasting Company.

● Ralph Kirbery, NBC's "Dream Singer," celebrates his third anniversary on radio in November. Ralph's first program was an American Legion production over WODA, Paterson, N. J., on Armistice Day, 1931.

● The teacher who convinced Conrad Thibault he could sing and who trained him thirteen years ago, saw Conrad before the mike for the first time last August. The teacher was William J. Short, supervisor of music in the Northampton Public Schools. Thirteen years ago he found Conrad singing at his work. He was then seventeen years old and a stock clerk in the local telephone company.

● The fellow who plays the part of "Jack" on the "One Man's Family" program over NBC Saturday nights, is the son of Don Gilman, vice president of NBC's Pacific Coast division.

● Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady of NBC, had to give up that European vacation in August. It's all her husband's fault, for Walter has written, produced and

sold a new radio serial titled "Song of the City." Irene is now playing the leading rôle in the sketch which concerns a crippled girl and her physician. The sponsor, Proctor and Gamble, wanted the show to start the middle of August so Irene had to content herself with a trip to Bermuda.

● Alice Joy, radio's Dream Girl, has transferred her radio activities to Tulsa, Oklahoma, for a couple of months.

● Sometimes the movies aren't all the artists expect. Take, for example, the case of Tito Guizar, CBS Spanish singer. Tito went to Hollywood to play with Janette McDonald in "Bitter Sweet" and wound up by making a Spanish short. Now he's dissatisfied with the short. But to even matters, he got seven weeks salary for nine days work.

● One of the most beautiful homes in Glencoe, swank north shore suburb of Chicago, was sold recently, but the identity of the new owner was kept secret, at least so far as the neighbors were concerned. Then one day a chauffeur informed his employer that he had a clew as to the buyer. "It's an English lady. A lady with a title," he confided. "Is that so," exclaimed his mistress. "Did you get the name?" "Yes, madame," the chauffeur informed her. "Lady Esther."

The buyer was Miss Syma Cohen who with her brother, Alfred Cohen is owner of the Lady Esther concern for which Wayne King broadcasts.

● Jack Benny switches sponsors again. But, if rumors are right, it will be only temporary. October 7 or 14 will see Jack and his whole cast of actors and singers on NBC at 7 p.m. (EST) Sundays for Jello. After a run of an unannounced number of weeks, he will again go back to General Tire, the sponsor which presented him throughout the summer.

● Camel Cigarettes will present the Casa Loma Orchestra, Walter O'Keefe, and Annette Hanshaw on two CBS spots beginning this month.

Shake Hands with a Millionaire

(Continued from page 33)

as he now thinks he should have gotten married to Clara Bow—I think he'll spend more time in his Beach Hurst and Florida homes. But get him away from the electric furor and fanfare of singing on the air, at nightclubs, on the screen? I don't believe it.

That's Harry's dream—and he means it from the bottom of his heart. And that dream is the pay-off on Harry Richman. It shows him up. It shows that really underneath it all he's a softy.

Shake hands with a millionaire. You've heard him sing it. You're a pretty tough customer if you don't get a kick out of the down-and-outer who's on top of the world because he's got a kid. Harry sings it because he knows that song touches your

heart. But there's another reason why Harry sings that song and songs like it.

IT'S a secret that even Harry doesn't know. He wants a family. Kids. That's a fact, folks.

Many years ago he went to see Charlie Chaplin in an American masterpiece, "The Kid." Jackie Coogan in the title rôle—yes, the same Jackie who today is running around Hollywood with Toby Wing—touched something in Harry Richman. Harry sat in that theatre—he admitted it to me finally the other night—and got a kick that nothing in his life had ever given him before.

He got an idea, too. The idea was "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face." You can't have for-

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gotten that no matter how long ago it was. It was one of his first song successes. And it was a success not only because Harry had begun to learn how to sing, but because the song sprang from a genuine, heartfelt dream inside him. The dream of having a kid. His kid.

Then came "My Kid," a song that grew on the same tree. These are the melodies he loves to sing. "Puttin' on the Ritz" is a swell, hot tune and when Harry tilts his straw hat over his ear and treads water with his cane it gives you a lift, but nothing like the lift you get out of "Shake Hands with a Millionaire," the grandson of "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face."

But now he knows that not marrying Clara was the biggest mistake he ever made. Now he looks back on his long life (he's approaching forty) and wonders if that dream of being a millionaire—actually and sentimentally—will ever come true. He remembers how he ran away from Cincinnati in his early teens because "I was tired of being flattered by my mother. She thought I was grand, but nobody else did."

When the "Jewel City Trio" made such a hit out west on the Orpheum Circuit, he thought he was set. His act was named after the Tower of Jewels at the Panama Exposition in San Francisco where they'd gotten their start. All the agents wanted to handle them and circuits wanted to book them. Harry visualized his name in electric lights. He was going to be a great star! Then they came to New York, to the Alhambra Theatre, the best in those days.

AFTER two shows they were finished. It was Harry's biggest disappointment and took him two years to get over it. But in order to make a living he teamed first with the Dolly Sisters and then with Mae West, playing the piano and singing.

Mae West and Harry Richman split up because they couldn't get work. Mae was asking \$750 for their act and the bookers were only willing to go to \$500. Mae said no. So did the bookers.

He reminisces about his amazing career and yet is willing to say that he'll throw it all away the moment the opportunity arises.

A New York columnist hopes he has picked that opportunity for Harry. She is Joan English, who played in the Riviera show. I've met her. She's a smart kid and lovely to look at. The columnist saw a ring that Harry had given her and immediately concluded it was an engagement ring. I think Harry's pretty crazy about Joan and likes to give her presents. But I believe him when he says: "There's no love between us, or anything silly like that."

Harry says that the girl he marries will have more intellect than beauty. "But of course," he adds, "she must have a beautiful figure. Every man demands that of the woman he marries."

Me, I like this fellow who's a combination of hardboiled Broadway patter and sincerely sentimental visions. When he regrets not having married Clara Bow I know what he means. He wants to be a millionaire, sentimentally and financially, and Clara seems to have been the only girl who brought him close to the sentimental part of his dream.

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When Your Husband Cheats

(Continued from page 77)

THEY were married when Julia was about twenty.

With his prize won, Tod lost some of his interest in her, and began to regret the promises he had made.

Though Julia had been too young and unsophisticated to foresee, it was only natural that with the passing of months the ex-jockey should revert back to his role of playboy. Still Julia clung to her ideals of what marriage might mean; still she clung to the hope that Tod would live up to everything she expected of him, till the day came when she could no longer cling to meaningless illusions.

Tod had been unfaithful! When Julia Sanderson learned that, the world reeled.

WHAT should she do? Forgive such a man and say, "There, there, little boy, I know you've done wrong, but mama will forget everything?"

Not for a moment did Julia Sanderson consider anything like it. Though her heart was broken, she knew what it would mean to forgive; how through the years there'd be one indiscretion after another, till love turned to bitter hatred.

"I won't fight to hold any man!" That was the answer her heart gave when life flung at her its most bitter challenge.

That was in 1908. From that day the

marriage between herself and Tod Sloan was as if it had never been.

"I would never fight to hold a man—never! If a man is unfaithful once, it's best for a woman to make one good, swift, clean break, and try to forget him.

"I don't believe for a minute in the idea that men are weaklings who ought to be forgiven for yielding to temptation, and helped over the rough spots. I've worked with men on the stage and in radio since I was fourteen, and I've never noticed that they're such a lot of weaklings. Personally, I don't like weak men. I'd rather have a strong man to lean on than a weak one whom I have to pull up."

AFTER her first bitterly unhappy marriage, Julia declared she'd never marry again. But of course that was only a passing phase. No girl as beautiful as Julia can possibly mean it when she says that she is through with love. And so she married again. It was a gorgeous naval wedding, with swords and gold lace. The bridegroom was Bradford Barnette, a naval lieutenant whom she had met at tea on board a United States battleship.

About that marriage no one knows very much, except that once again Julia and her husband were hopelessly incompatible.

Once again she answered life's challenge,

"I will not fight to hold any man!"

Julia had been separated from Lieutenant Barnette for four years when she met Frank Crumit. He, too, knew what disillusionment meant, for his own marriage had mocked his dreams and hopes.

It wasn't long before she and Frank Crumit became a popular musical comedy team, and in their plays together, Frank fed the flames of their unrealized love. Gradually into his words and into his love-making on the stage there crept something real and vital.

In July, 1927, they were married. No mere young infatuation in this, but the love that comes with mature years, deep, thrilling and satisfying. Yet, though she adores Frank Crumit, Julia Sanderson still says, "No, I wouldn't fight to hold any man's love, not even Frank's. Though it's inconceivable to me that he should ever be unfaithful, if he were, I would never forgive him. I know he wouldn't forgive me if I were. If two people can't love and trust each other, their marriage is meaningless, and infidelity is the breaking of every vow that was ever made in marriage.

"I won't fight to hold any man!" That's Julia Sanderson's answer to the thought that has perhaps occurred to almost every woman.

What is yours?

How My Cinderella Dreams Came True

(Continued from page 84)

night club shows," my friend remarked. "Let's go up and see him."

There were a lot of girls up in that small booking office, yet Mr. Pomeroy singled us out and let many of the others go.

That was how I found myself in the chorus lineup once again. This time the show was at a Chinese-American restaurant on Broadway, the Palais D'Or.

We did a sort of Turkish harem number which made quite a hit with the diners. After only a week I found myself with a specialty number to do.

But as I said before, I learned the code of the theatre when I lost that first job with Chester Hale. And my first disappointment was turned to good luck when Chester Hale returned with the girls, for he sent for me and I was put back in his show.

IT was from here I went to the chorus call for George White's "Scandals" when he was casting that show. It proved to be the most momentous occasion of my life for it was in this show that I met Rudy Vallee and got the subsequent chance to sing as his guest over the radio which brought me eventually to Hollywood and my present Fox movie contract.

I guess everybody has heard that song called "Lovable." That's the song Rudy first heard me sing. There were still several minutes before the curtain was

due to go up. While standing in the wings I sang one of the tunes from the show, which the orchestra at that moment was playing. Unknown to me Rudy Vallee was standing just behind the curtain in the first wings, as he usually did at the beginning of the show. He let me sing a whole chorus before he said anything, then he told me that he liked my voice.

Since this was at Atlantic City we were still in the trial stage. The girl who had become an overnight star with the opening of the show had suddenly developed a case of laryngitis and it was necessary to find someone to take her place. Rudy Vallee immediately went to George White and suggested that White give me a try. He listened to me, but I guess I was too nervous to justify Mr. Vallee's opinion of me. At any rate I did not get the chance. However, Rudy told me to buck up and start learning popular songs so that when he found a chance for me to sing some time with a band I would be prepared.

When the opportunity did come during the following summer engagement, I was ready.

RUDY is a marvelous person. He has helped me as would the most sincere friend any girl could have, and he has given me hope and encouragement when I felt everything going against me. For more than once I have felt shaky as I

stood before a microphone and realized that for thousands of miles people everywhere were listening—and criticizing.

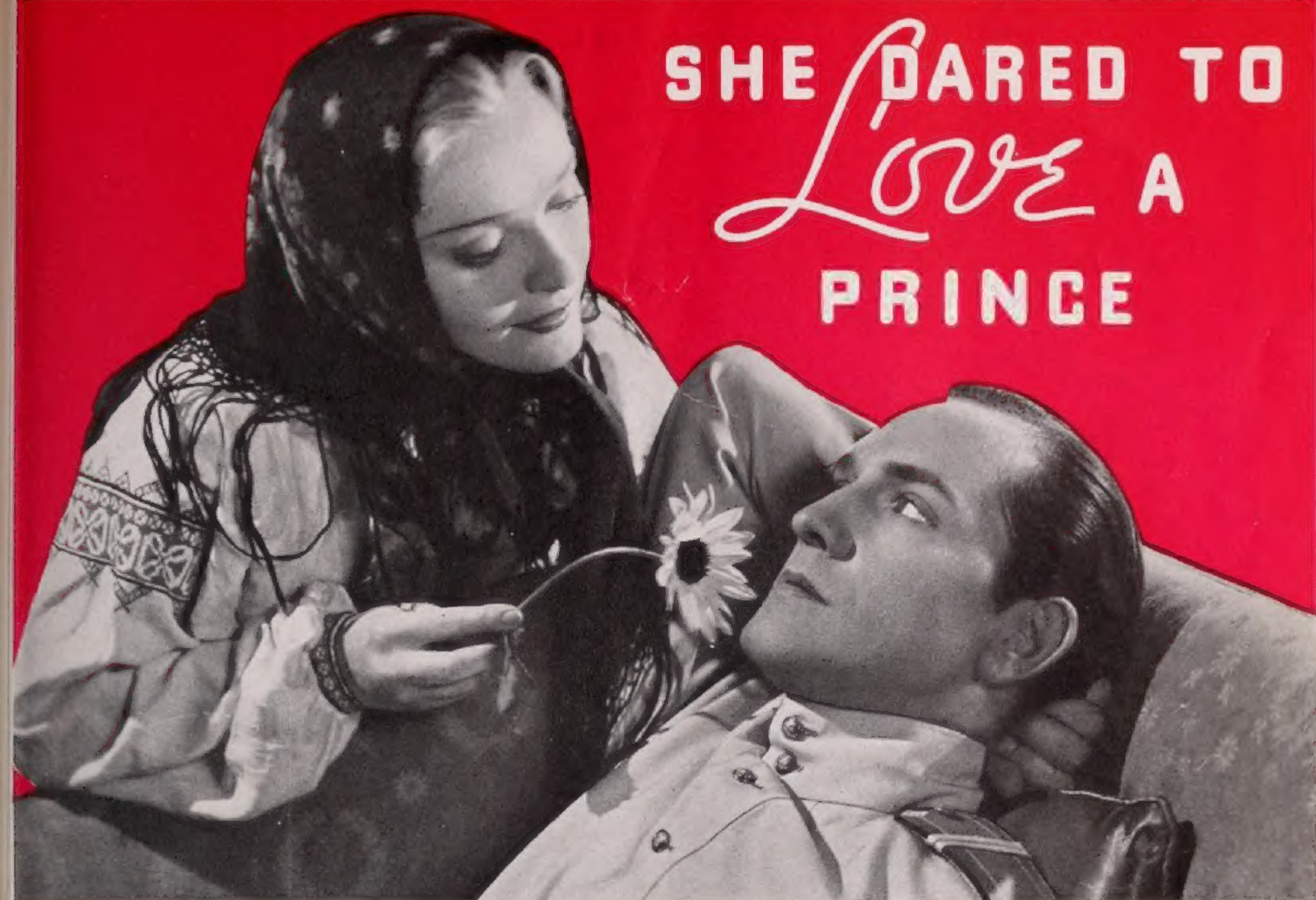
Of course that was the beginning of a new popularity for me. Rudy Vallee, the most famous of all crooners, had chosen little obscure me for his programs. It meant fan letters and people coming to interview me. And because I had made a hit and because Rudy has always said he believed I had dramatic ability as well as a voice, it was he who insisted that George White cast me in his "Scandals" when Fox studio made the movie version.

And after that first picture I was cast in several others, including "Now I'll Tell" by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein. My latest picture is "She Learned About Sailors."

Then I found myself being offered a very nice picture contract. I signed it and stayed in Hollywood over eight months.

It seems like the fulfillment of a dream, yet I think it was just plain luck—the right girl in the right place at the right time. That's the way I like to think of it. Although I sometimes admit to myself, when I am alone and thinking of this wonderful break which came to me through radio, that if I had given up any of the times I felt blue and if I hadn't hung on for just another moment when I thought things were against me, I'd still be in the chorus instead of the girl on whom so much success has been showered.

SHE DARED TO *Love* A PRINCE



IN his youth Prince Dimitri believed all people were equal, and that the land should belong to everybody. Katusha, a peasant servant in his great household, believed him then, and believed in him again when years later he begged for her love. She gave herself, gladly, realizing too late that Dimitri, the man, looked upon her love as something to be purchased, not with kindness and affection, but with money.

She tried to forget, to wipe out that night of spring, but it was many years after his child had died before she found the tormenting peace of a forced forgetfulness. He had paid for the love she gave him . . . now she sold her love to every buyer.

It was at the end of the road, in court, accused of murder, that the gay Dimitri finally found her again and in finding her remembered the days of his youth . . . remembered the tender sweetness of this girl whose scorn and bitterness now followed him into the bright, free world outside. He knew, then, that this was the woman he loved. But was it too late? Could he save her from the horrible living death of Siberia?

Read "We Live Again," a beautiful story based on Tolstoy's "Resurrection" in the November issue, then see the film production by United Artists. This and 13 other leading film stories of the month appear complete with many illustrations from the actual productions in the November issue. Get your copy today.

14 Complete Stories In This Issue

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SCREEN ROMANCES

THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN—ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

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but I was brought up on a
tobacco farm and I know
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is grown folks say . . .*

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